CATILINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY.

A

Tragœdie.

As it is now Acted by His
MAJESTIE'S Servants;
at the Threatre *ROYAL.*

The Author *B. J.*

HORAT.

——*His non plebecula gaudet:*
Verum equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

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A

PROLOGUE

To *CATILINE*,

To be Merrily ſpoke by Mrs. *Nell*,

in an *Amazonian* Habit.

A *Woman's Prologue*! *This is vent'rous News*;
But we, a Poet *wanting, Crav'd a* Muſe.
Why ſhould our Brains lye Fallow, as if they
Without His fire, were meer Prometehan *Clay*?
In Natur's Plain-Song we may bear our parts;
Although We want choice Deſcant from the Arts.
Amongſt Muſicians; *ſo the* Philomel
May in Whild-Notes, though not in Rules excell.
And when i'th weaker Veſſel Wit doth lye;
Though into Froth it will work out, and fiye.
But Gentlemen, You know our formal way,
Although we're ſure 'tis falſe, yet we muſt ſay,
Nay Piſh, Nay Fye, in troth it is not good,
When we the while, think it not underſtood:
Hither repair all you that are for Ben;
Let th' Houſe hold full, We're ſure to carry 't then.
Slight not this Femal Summons; Phœbus-rayes,
To Crown his Poets, *turn'd our Sex to* Bayes.
And Ladies ſure you'l vote for us entire,
(*This Plot doth prompt the Prologue to conſpire*)
Such inoffenſive Combination can
But ſhow, who beſt deſerve true worth in Man.
And You, with Your great Author taking Part;
May chance be thought, like him to know the Art,
Vouchſafe then, as you look, to ſpeak us fair,
Let the Gallants diſlike it, if they dare:
They will ſo forfeit the repute of Judges,
You may turn Am'zons, *and make them Drudges,*
Man's claim to Rule is, in his Reaſon bred;
This Maſculine Sex of Brain may make you Head.
'Tis real Skill, in the Right place to praiſe;
But more, to have the Wit, not to Write Playes.

The Persons of the Play.

Sylla's Ghost.

Catiline.	Cicero.
Lentulus.	Antonius.
Cethegus.	Cato.
Curius.	Catulus.
Autronius.	Crassus.
Vargunteius.	Cæsar.
Longinus.	*Qu.* Cicero.
Lecca.	Syllanus.
Fulvius.	Flaccus.
Bestia.	Pomtinius.
Gabinius.	Sanga.
Statilius.	Senators.
Ceparius.	Allobroges.
Cornelius.	Petreius.
Volturtius.	Souldiers.
Aurelia.	Porter.
Fulvia.	Lictors.
Sempronia.	Servants.
Galla.	Pages.

Chorus.

The Scene *Rome.*

CATILINE.

ACT I.

Sylla's Ghoſt.

DOſt thou not feel me, *Rome?* not yet? Is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight ſo light?
Can *Sylla's* Ghoſt ariſe within thy Walls,
Leſs threatning, than an Earth-quake, the quick falls
Of thee, and thine? ſhake not the frighted Heads
Of thy ſteep Towers? Or ſhrink to their firſt Beds?
Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that ſwell up, and drown thy ſeven proud Hills?
What ſleep is this doth ſeize thee, ſo like Death,
And is not it? Wake, feel her in my breath:
Behold, I come, ſent from the *Stygian* ſound,
As a dire vapor, that had cleft the ground,
T' ingender with the Night, and blaſt the Day;
Or like a Peſtilence, that ſhould diſplay
Infection through the World: which, thus, I do. { *Diſcovers* Catiline
Pluto be at thy councells; and into { *in his Study.*
Thy darker boſom enter *Sylla's* Spirit:
All, that was mine, and bad, thy breſt inherit.
Alas, how weak is that, for *Catiline*!
Did I but ſay (vain Voice!) all that was mine?
All, that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marius* would;
What now, had I a body again, I could,
Coming from Hell; what Fiends would wiſh, ſhould be;
And *Hannibal* could not have wiſh'd to ſee:
Think thou, and practiſe. Let the long-hid Seeds
Of Treaſon, in thee, now ſhoot forth in deeds,

Ranker, than horror; and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new Acts:
Conſcience of them provoke thee on to more.
Be ſtill thy Inceſts, Murders, Rapes, before
Thy ſence; thy forcing firſt a *Veſtal* Nun;
Thy Parricide, late, on thine own only Son,
After his Mother; to make empty way
For thy laſt wicked Nuptials; worſe than they,
That blaze that Act of thy inceſtious Life,
Which got thee, at once, a Daughter, and a Wife.
I leave the ſlaughters that thou didſt for me,
Of *Senators*; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy Brother, (being ſo brib'd)
And writ him in the liſt of my proſcrib'd
After thy fact, to ſave thy little ſhame:
Thy Inceſt, with thy Siſter, I not name.
Theſe are too light. *Fate* will have thee purſue
Deeds, after which, no miſchief can be new;
The ruine of thy Country: thou wert built
For ſuch a work, and born for no leſs guilt.
What though defeated once th' haſt been, and known?
Tempt it again: That is thy act, or none.
What all the ſeveral ills that viſit Earth,
(Brought forth by night with a ſiniſter birth)
Plagues, Famine, Fire, could not reach unto,
The Sword, nor Surfeits; let thy Fury do:
Make all paſt, preſent, future ill thine own;
And conquer all example, in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but ſtill a freſher crime
Drown the remembrance: let not miſchief ceaſe,
But while it is in puniſhing, encreaſe.
Conſcience and care die in thee; and be free
Not Heav'n it ſelf from thy impiety:
Let Night grow blacker with thy plots; and Day,
At ſhewing but thy head forth, ſtart away
From this half-ſphear: and leave *Romes* blinded Walls
T' embrace Luſts, Hatreds, Slaughters, Funerals,
And not recover ſight, till their own flames
Do light them to their ruines. All the names
Of thy Confederates, too, be no leſs great
In Hell, than here: that, when we would repeat
Our ſtrengths in muſter, we may name you all,
And *Furies*, upon you, for *Furies*, call.
Whilſt what you do, may ſtrike them into fears,
Or make them grieve, and wiſh your miſchief theirs.

Catiline.

Catiline.

IT is decree'd. Nor ſhall thy Fate, O *Rome*,
Reſiſt my vow. Though Hills were ſet on Hills,
And Seas met Seas, to guard thee; I would through:
I, plough up Rocks, ſteep as the *Alps*, in duſt,
And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds;
But I would reach thy Head, thy Head, proud City.
The ills that I have done, cannot be ſafe
But by attempting greater; and I feel
A Spirit within me, chides my ſluggiſh hands,
And ſays, they have been innocent too long.
Was I a Man, bred great, as *Rome* her ſelf?
One, form'd for all her Honours, all her Glories?
Equal to all her Titles? that could ſtand
Cloſe up, with *Atlas*; and ſuſtain her name
As ſtrong, as he doth Heav'n? And, was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulſe
By her no voice, when I ſtood *Candidate*,
To be Commander in the *Pontick* War?
I will, hereafter, call her Step-dame, ever.
If ſhe can looſe her Nature, I can looſe
My Piety; and in her ſtony entrails
Dig me a ſeat: where, I will live again,
The labour of her Womb, and be a burden
Weightier than all the Prodigies and Monſters
That ſhe hath teem'd with, ſince ſhe firſt knew *Mars*.

Catiline, Aurelia.

WHo's there? *Aur.* 'Tis I. *Cat. Aurelia? Aur.* Yes. *Cat.* Appear,
And break, like day, my beauty to this circle:
Upbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is ſo long
In mounting to that point, which ſhould give thee
Thy proper ſplendour. Wherefore frowns my Sweet?
Have I too long been abſent from theſe Lips, [*He kiſſeth them.*
This Cheek, theſe Eyes? What is my treſpaſs? ſpeak.

Aur. It ſeems, you know, that can accuſe your ſelf.

Cat. I will redeem it.

Aur. Still you ſay ſo: When?

Cat. When *Oreſtilla*, by her bearing well
Theſe my Retirements, and ſtoln times for thought,
Shall give their effects leave to call her Queen
Of all the World, in place of humbled *Rome*.

Aur. You court me, now.

Cat. As I would always, Love,
By this *Ambroſiack* Kiſs, and this of *Nectar*,
Would'ſt thou but hear as gladly as I ſpeak.
Could my *Aurelia* think I meant her leſs;

When, wooing her, I firſt remov'd a Wife,
And then a Son, to make my Bed and Houſe
Spacious, and fit t'embrace her? Theſe were deeds
Not t'have begun with, but to end with more,
And greater: "He that, building, ſtays at one
"Floor, or the ſecond, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raiſe thee, I was meditating;
To make ſome act of mine anſwer thy love:
That love, that, when my ſtate was now quite ſunk,
Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up again,
And made my emergent fortune once more look
Above the main; which, now, ſhall hit the Stars,
And ſtick my *Oreſtilla*, there, amongſt them,
If any tempeſt can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatneſs.
But, I muſt pray my Love, ſhe will put on
Like habits with my ſelf. I have to do
With many men, and many natures. Some,
That muſt be blown, and ſooth'd; as *Lentulus*,
Whom I have heav'd, with magnifying his bloud,
And a vain dream, out of the *Sybill*'s Books,
That a third man, of that great Family,
Whereof he is deſcended, the *Cornelii*,
Should be a King in *Rome*: which I have hir'd
The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna, and *Sylla* dead. Then, bold *Cethegus*,
Whoſe valour I have turn'd into his poiſon,
And prais'd ſo into daring, as he would
Go on upon the Gods, kiſs Lightning, wreſt
The Engine from the *Cyclops*, and give fire
At face of a full Cloud, and ſtand his ire:
When I would bid him move. Others there are,
Whom envy to the State draws, and puts on,
For contumelies receiv'd, (and ſuch are ſure ones)
As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
Both which have been degraded, in the *Senate*,
And muſt have their diſgraces, ſtill, new rubb'd,
To make them ſmart, and labour of revenge.
Others, whom meer ambition fires, and dole
Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have feign'd
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
Theſe, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Beſtia*, *Autronius*.
Some, whom their wants oppreſs, as th' idle Captains
Of *Sylla*'s troops: and divers *Roman* Knights
(The profuſe Waſters of their Patrimonies)
So threatned with their Debts, as they will, now,

Run

Run any deſperate fortune, for a change.
Theſe, for a time, we muſt relieve, *Aurelia*,
And make our Houſe the ſafe-guard: like, for thoſe,
That fear the Law, or ſtand within her gripe,
For any act paſt, or to come. Such will
From their own crimes, be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, ſlight Airlings, will be won
With Dogs and Horſes; or, perhaps, a Whore;
Which muſt be had: and if they venture Lives
For us, *Aurelia*, we muſt hazard Honours
A little. Get thee ſtore, and change of Women,
As I have Boys; and give 'hem time, and place,
And all connivence: be thy ſelf, too, courtly;
And entertain, and feaſt, ſit up, and revel;
Call all the great, the fair, and ſpirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee; and begin a faſhion
Of freedom, and community. Some will thank thee,
Though the ſowre *Senate* frown, whoſe Heads muſt ake
In fear, and feeling too. We muſt not ſpare
Or coſt, or modeſty. It can but ſhew
Like one of *Juno*'s, or of *Jove*'s diſguiſes,
In either thee, or me: and will as ſoon,
VVhen things ſucceed, be thrown by, or let fall,
As is a Vail put off, a Viſor chang'd,
Or the *Scene* ſhifted in our *Theaters*—— [*A noiſe without.*
VVho's that? It is the voice of *Lentulus*.
Aur. Or of *Cethegus*. *Cat.* In, my fair *Aurelia*,
And think upon theſe arts. They muſt not ſee,
How far you are truſted with theſe privacies;
Though on their Shoulders, Necks, and Heads you riſe.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

IT is, me thinks, a mourning, full of fate!
It riſeth ſlowly, as her ſullen Carr
Had all the weights of ſleep, and death hung at it!
She is not roſie-finger'd, but ſwoln black!
Her face is like a water, turn'd to bloud,
And her ſick head is bound about with clouds,
As if ſhe threatned night, ere noon of day!
It does not look, as it would have a hail,
Or health, wiſh'd in it, as on other morns.
Cet. VVhy, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: our coming
Is not for ſalutation, we have buſineſs.
Cat. Said nobly, brave *Cethegus*. VVhere's *Autronius*?
Cet. Is he not come? *Cat.* Not here. *Cet.* Nor *Vargunteius*?
Cat. Neither. *Cet.* A fire in their beds, and boſoms,
That ſo will ſerve their ſloth, rather than vertue.

They

They are no *Romans*, and at ſuch high need
As now. *Len.* Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,
Fulvius, *Gabinus*, gave me word, laſt night,
By *Lucius Beſtia*, they would all be here,
And yearly. *Cet.* Yes, as you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all ſleep, and are meer Dormice; Flies,
A little leſs than dead: more dulneſs hangs
On us, than on the Morn. W' are Spirit-bound,
In Ribs of Ice; our whole Blouds are one Stone,
And Honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn, hot as Fevers, to our States.
Cat. I muſe they would be tardy, at an hour
Of ſo great purpoſe. *Cet.* If the Gods had call'd
Them, to a purpoſe, they would juſt have come
With the ſame Tortoiſe ſpeed! that are thus ſlow
To ſuch an action, which the Gods will envy:
As asking no leſs means, than all their Powers
Conjoyn'd, t' effect. I would have ſeen *Rome* burnt
By this time, and her Aſhes in an Urn;
The Kingdom of the *Senate* rent aſunder,
And the degenerate talking Gown, run frighted
Out of the Air of *Italy*. *Cat.* Spirit of Men!
Thou Heart of our great Enterpiſe! how much
I love theſe Voices in thee! *Cet.* O, the days
Of *Sylla*'s ſway, when the free Sword took leave
To act all that it would! *Cat.* And was familiar
With the entrails, as our *Augures?* *Cet.* Sons kill'd Fathers,
Brothers their Brothers. *Cat.* And had price, and praiſe.
All hate had licence given it: all rage reigns.
Cet. Slaughter beſtrid the Streets, and ſtretch'd himſelf
To ſeem more huge; whilſt to his ſtained Thighs
The Gore he drew flow'd up: and carried down
Whole heaps of Limbs and Bodies through his Arch.
No Age was ſpar'd, no Sex. *Cat.* Nay, no Degree.
Cet. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free.
The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a day
Longer, by Natures bounty, not let ſtay:
Virgins, and Widows, Matrons, pregnant Wives,
All died. *Cat.* 'Twas crime enough, they that had Lives.
To ſtrike but only thoſe that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the number,
As ſome the prey. *Cet.* The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a Navy, rather than a Boat,
To ferry over the ſad World that came:
The Maws and Dens of Beaſts, could not receive
The Bodies, that thoſe Souls were frighted from;

And

And e'en the Graves were fill'd with them, yet living,
Whoſe flight and fear had mix'd them, with the dead.
Cat. And this ſhall be again, and more and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to ſtand up in *Rome*. *Len.* Nay, urge not that
Is ſo uncertain. *Cat.* How! *Len.* I mean, not clear'd,
And, therefore, not to be reflected on.
Cat. The *Sybill*'s leaves uncertain? or the comments
Of our Grave, deep, divining men not clear?
Len. All Prophecies, you know, ſuffer the torture.
Cat. But this, already, hath confeſs'd, without:
And ſo been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him,
Would faint in the belief. *Len.* Do you believe it?
Cat. Do I love *Lentulus?* or pray to ſee it?
Len. The *Augures* all are conſtant, I am meant.
Cat. They had loſt their Science elſe. *Len.* They count from *Cinna*.
Cat. And *Sylla* next, and ſo make you the third;
All that can ſay the Sun is ris'n, muſt think it.
Len. Men mark me more, of late, as I come forth!
Cat. Why, what can they do leſs? *Cinna* and *Sylla*
Are ſet, and gone: and we muſt turn our eyes
On him that is, and ſhines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here! He looks, already,
As if he ſhook a Scepter o're the *Senate*,
And the aw'd Purple dropt their Rods and Axes!
The Statues melt again; and Houſhold-Gods
In groans confeſs the travel of the City;
The very Walls ſweat Blood before the change;
And Stones ſtart out to ruine, ere it comes.
Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle ſtill.
Len. I am your Creature, *Sergius:* And whate're
The great *Cornelian* Name ſhall win to be,
It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybills* Books,
But *Catiline* that makes it. *Cat.* I am ſhadow
To honour'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
Who are the heirs of *Mars*. *Cet.* By *Mars* himſelf,
Catiline is more my Parent: for whoſe vertue
Earth cannot make a ſhadow great enough,
Though envy ſhould come too. O, there they are:
Now we ſhall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

Autronius, Varguntejus, Longinus, Curius, Lecca, Beſtia, Fulvius, Gabinus, &c. [*To them.*

HAil *Lucius, Catiline*. *Var.* Hail noble *Sergius*.
Lon. Hail *Pub. Lentulus*. *Cur.* Hail the third *Cornelius*.
Lec. Caius, Cathegus hail. *Cet.* Hail ſloth and words,

In

In ſtead of Men and Spirits. *Cat.* Nay, dear *Caius*——
Cet. Are your eyes yet unſeel'd? Dare they look Day
In the full face? *Cat.* He's zealous for the affair,
And blames your tardy coming, Gentlemen.
Cet. Unleſs we had ſold our ſelves to ſleep and eaſe,
And would be our ſlaves ſlaves— *Cat.* Pray you forbear.
Cet. The North is not ſo ſtark and cold. *Cat. Cethegus*——
Bes. We ſhall redeem all, if your fire will let us.
Cat. You are too full of lightning, noble *Caius*.
Boy, ſee all doors be ſhut, that none approach us,
On this part of the Houſe. Go you, and bid
The Prieſt, he kill the Slave I mark'd laſt night,
And bring me of his Bloud, when I ſhall call him:
Till then, wait all without. *Var.* How is't, *Antronius*!
Ant. Longinus? Lon. Curius? Cur. Lecca? Var. Feel you nothing?
Lon. A ſtrange, un-wonted horrour doth invade me, } *A darkneſs*
I know not what it is! *Lec.* The Day goes back, } *comes over*
Or elſe my Senſes! *Cur.* As at *Atreus* Feaſt! } *the place.*
Ful. Darkneſs grows more and more! *Len.* The *Veſtal* flame
[*A groan of many people is heard under ground.*]
I think, be out. *Gab.* What groan was that. *Cet.* Our phant'ſies
Strike fire out of our ſelves, and force a Day.
Ant. Again it ſounds! *Bes.* As all the City gave it!
Cet. We fear what our ſelves feign. *Var.* What light is this? [*Another.*
Cur. Look forth. *Len.* It ſtill grows greater!
Lec. From whence comes it? } *A fiery light*
Len. A bloudy Arm it is, that holds a Pine } *appears.*
Lighted, above the *Capitol*! and, now,
It waves unto us! *Cat.* Brave and ominous!
Our enterpriſe is ſeal'd. *Cet.* In ſpight of Darkneſs,
That would diſcountenance it. Look no more;
We loſe time, and our ſelves. To what we came for,
Speak, *Lucius*, we attend you. *Cat.* Nobleſt *Romans*,
If you were leſs, or that your Faith and Vertue
Did not hold good that title, with your Bloud,
I ſhould not, now, unprofitably ſpend
My ſelf in words, or catch at empty hopes,
By airy ways, for ſolid certainties.
But ſince in many, and the greateſt dangers,
I ſtill have known you no leſs true, than valiant,
And that I taſte, in you, the ſame affections,
To will, or nill, to think things good, or bad,
Alike with me: (which argues your firm friendſhip)
I dare the bold'ſt, with you, ſet on foot,
Or lead, unto this great and goodlieſt action.
What I have thought of it afore, you all

Have

Have heard apart. I then expreſs'd my Zeal
Unto the Glory; now, the need enflames me:
When I fore-think the hard conditions
Our States muſt undergo, except in time
We do redeem our ſelves to liberty,
And break the Iron yoke, forg'd for our necks.
For what leſs can we call it? when we ſee
The Commonwealth engroſs'd ſo by a few,
The Giants of the State, that do, by turns,
Enjoy her, and defile her! All the Earth,
Her Kings and *Tetrarchs*, are their Tributaries;
People, and Nations, pay them hourly Stipends:
The Riches of the World flows to their Coffers,
And not to *Romes*. While (but thoſe few)
However great we are, honeſt, and valiant,
Are herded with the vulgar; and ſo kept,
As we were only bred to conſume Corn,
Or wear our Wool; to drink the Cities water;
Ungrac'd, without Authority, or mark;
Trembling beneath their rods: to whom, (if all
Were well in *Rome*,) we ſhould come forth bright Axes.
All Places, Honours, Offices, are theirs!
Or where they will confer 'hem! They leave us
The dangers, the repulſes, judgments, wants:
Which how long will you bear, moſt valiant Spirits?
Were we not better to fall once with Vertue,
Than draw a wretched and diſhonour'd breath,
To loſe with ſhame, when theſe mens pride will laugh?
I call the faith of gods and men to queſtion,
The power is in our hands; our bodies able;
Our minds as ſtrong; o'th' contrary, in them
All things grown aged, with their wealth and years:
Their wants, but only to begin the buſineſs,
The iſſue is certain. *Cet. Lon.* On, let us go on.
Cur. Bes. Go on, brave *Sergius*. *Cat.* It doth ſtrike my ſoul,
(And, who can ſcape the ſtroke, that hath a ſoul,
Or, but the ſmalleſt air of man within him?)
To ſee them ſwell with treaſure; which they pour
Out i'their riots, eating, drinking, building,
I, i'the Sea! plaining of Hills with Valleys,
And raiſing Valleys above Hills! whilſt we
Have not to give our bodies neceſſaries.
They ha' their change of Houſes, Mannors, Lordſhips;
We ſcarce a fire, or poor houſhold *Lar*!
They buy rare *Attick* Statues, *Tyrian* Hangings,
Epheſian Pictures, and *Corinthian* Plate,

Attalick Garments, and now, new found Gems,
Since *Pompey* went for *Asia*, which they purchase
At price of *Provinces*! The River *Phasis*
Cannot afford 'hem fowl: nor *Lucrine* Lake
Oysters enow: *Circei*, too, is search'd
To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
Their ancient Habitations they neglect,
And set up new; then, if the eccho like not
In such a room, they pluck down those, build newer,
Alter them too: and, by all frantick ways,
Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
From whom they force it! yet they cannot tame,
Or overcome their riches! Not by making
Baths, Orchards, Fish-pools! letting in of Seas
Here! and then there, forcing 'hem out again,
With mountainous heaps, for which the Earth hath lost
Most of her Ribs, as Entrails! being now
Wounded no less for Marble, than for Gold.
We all this while, like calm benumb'd Spectators,
Sit, till our seats do crack; and do not hear
The thund'ring ruines: whilst at home, our wants,
Abroad, our debts do urge us; our states daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worse: and, what
Is left, but to be crush'd? Wake, wake brave friends,
And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
Behold, Renown, Riches, and Glory court you.
Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
Me thinks (though I were dumb) th' affair it self
The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
With the brave spoil the War brings, should invite you.
Use me your General, or Souldier: neither
My mind, nor body shall be wanting to you.
And, being *Consul*, I do not doubt t' effect
All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be Slaves, than free.

Cet. Free, free. *Lon.* 'Tis freedom. *Cur.* Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why, these are noble Voices! Nothing wants then,
But that we take a solemn Sacrament
To strengthen our design. *Cet.* And so to act it.
Differring hurts, where Powers are so prepar'd.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into an open act,
(With favour) 'twere no loss, if't might be enquir'd,
What the condition of these Arms would be?

Var. I, and the means to carry us through? *Cat.* How, friends!
Think you, that I would bid you grasp the Wind?
Or call you to th' embracing of a Cloud?

Put

Put your known Valours on ſo dear a buſineſs,
And have no other ſecond, than the danger,
Nor other Gyrlond than the loſs? Become
Your own aſſurances. And for the means,
Conſider, firſt, the ſtark ſecurity
The Commonwealth is in now; the whole *Senate*
Sleepy, and dreaming no ſuch violent blow;
Their forces all abroad; of which the greateſt,
That might annoy us moſt, is fardeſt off,
In *Aſia*, under *Pompey*: thoſe, near hand,
Commanded by our Friends; one Army in *Spain*,
By *Cneus Piſo*; th'other in *Mauritania*,
By *Nucerinus*; both which I have firm,
And faſt unto our plot. My ſelf, then, ſtanding
Now to be *Conſul*; with my hop'd Colleague
Caius Antonius; one, no leſs engag'd
By his wants, than we: and, whom I have power to melt,
And caſt in any mould. Beſide, ſome others
That will not yet be nam'd, (both ſure, and great ones)
Who, when the time comes, ſhall declare themſelves
Strong for our party: ſo that no reſiſtance
In Nature can be thought. For our reward then,
Firſt, all our Debts are paid; dangers of Law,
Actions, Decrees, Judgments againſt us quitted;
The rich men, as in *Sylla*'s times, proſcrib'd,
And publication made of all their Goods;
That Houſe is yours; that Land is his; thoſe Waters,
Orchards, and Walks, a third's; he has that honour,
And he that office: ſuch a *Province* falls
To *Vargunteius*: this to *Antronius*: that
To bold *Cethegus*: *Rome* to *Lentulus*.
You ſhare the World, her Magiſtracies, Prieſt-hoods,
Wealth, and Felicity amongſt you, Friends;
And *Catiline* your Servant. Would you, *Curius*,
Revenge the contumely ſtuck upon you,
In being remov'd from the *Senate*? Now,
Now, is your time. Would *Publius Lentulus*
Strike, for the like diſgrace? Now, is his time.
Would ſtout *Longinus* walk the Streets of *Rome*,
Facing the *Prætor*? Now, has he a time
To ſpurn, and tread the *Faſces* into dirt,
Made of the Uſurers, and the *Lictors* brains.
Is there a Beauty here in *Rome* you love?
An Enemy you would kill? What Head's not yours?
Whoſe Wife, which Boy, whoſe Daughter, of what race,
That th'Husband, or glad Parents ſhall not bring you,

And boasting of the Office? only spare
Your selves, and you have all the Earth beside,
A Field, to exercise your longings in.
I see you rais'd, and read your forward minds
High, in your faces. Bring the Wine and Bloud
You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How! *Cat.* I have kill'd a Slave,
And of his Bloud caus'd to be mix'd with Wine.
Fill every man his Bowl. There cannot be
A fitter drink, to make this *sanction* in.
Here, I begin the Sacrament to all.
O, for a clap of Thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the Universe,
To tell the World the fact, and to applaud it.
Be firm, my hand; not shed a drop: but pour
Fierceness into me, with it, and fell thirst
Of more and more, till *Rome* be left as bloud-less,
As ever her fears made her, or the Sword.
And when I leave to wish this to thee, Step-dame,
Or stop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
So may my bloud be drawn, and so drunk up
As is this slaves. *Lon.* And so be mine. *Len.* And mine. [*They drink.*
Aut. And mine. *Wab.* And mine. *Cet.* Swell me my bowl yet fuller.
Here, I do drink this, as I would do *Cato's*,
Or the new fellow *Cicero's*: with that vow
Which *Catiline* hath given. *Cur.* So do I.
Lec. And I. *Bes.* And I. *Ful.* And I. *Gab.* And all of us.
Cat. Why, now's the business safe, and each man strengthned.
Sirrah, what ail you? *Pag.* Nothing. *Bes.* Somewhat modest.
Cat. Slave, I will strike your Soul out with my foot, (*He spies one of his boys not answer*
Let me find you again with such a face:
You Whelp. — *Bes.* Nay, *Lucius*. *Cat.* Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and general
To all? *Bes.* You'll be observ'd. *Cat.* Arise, and shew
But any least aversion i'your look
To him that boards you next, and your throat opens.
Noble Confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect
At the Assembly for choosing *Consuls*,
And all the voices you can make by friends
To my election. Then, let me work out
Your fortunes, and mine own. Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowns to their houses, and the Country sleeps:
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break

Upon

Upon 'hem like a deluge, bearing down
Half *Rome* before us, and invade the reſt
With cries, and noiſe able to wake the urns
Of thoſe are dead, and make the aſhes fear,
The horrours, that do ſtrike the World, ſhould come
Loud, and unlook'd for: till they ſtrike, be dumb.

Cet. Oraculous *Sergius*! *Len.* God-like *Catiline*!

Chorus.

CAn nothing great, and at the height,
Remain ſo long? but its own weight
Will ruine it? Or is't blind chance
That ſtill deſires new States t'advance,
And quit the old? Elſe, why muſt Rome
Be by it ſelf; now, over-come?
Hath ſhe not foes inow of thoſe
Whom ſhe hath made ſuch, and encloſe
Her round about? Or, are thy none,
Except ſhe firſt become her own?
O wretchedneſs of greateſt States,
To be obnoxious to theſe fates:
That cannot keep what they do gain;
And what they raiſe, ſo ill ſuſtain!
Rome *now is Miſtreſs of the whole*
World, Sea and Land to either Pole;
And even that fortune will deſtroy
The power that made it: ſhe doth joy
So much in plenty, wealth and eaſe,
As now th' exceſs is her diſeaſe.
She builds in Gold, and to the Stars,
As if ſhe threatned Heav'n with Wars:
And ſeeks for Hell in Quarries deep,
Giving the Fiends that there do keep,
A hope of day. Her women wear
The ſpoils of Nations in a ſingle ear,
Chang'd for the treaſure of a ſhell;
And in their looſe Attires do ſwell
More light than Sails, when all winds play:
Yet are the men more light than they!
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,
More ſleek'd, more ſoft, and ſlacker limb'd;
As proſtitute: ſo much, that kind
May ſeek it ſelf there, and not find.
They eat on Beds of Silk and Gold,
At Ivory Tables, or Wood ſold
Dearer than it; and leaving Plate,
To drink in Stone of higher rate.

They

They hunt all Grounds; and draw all Seas;
Foul every Brook and Bush; to please
Their wanton tastes: and, in request
Have new, and rare things; not the best!
Hence comes that wild, and vast expence,
That hath enforc'd Romes *vertue thence,*
Which simple Poverty first made:
And, now, Ambition doth invade
Her State, with eating Avarice,
Riot, and every other Vice.
Decrees are bought, and Laws are sold,
Honours, and Offices for Gold;
The Peoples voices; and the free
Tongues, in the Senate, *bribed be.*
Such ruine of her Manners Rome
Doth suffer now, as she's become
(Without the Gods it soon gain-say)
Both her own spoiler, and own prey.
So Asia, *art thou cru'lly even*
With us, for all the blows thee given;
When we, whose Vertue conquer'd thee,
Thou, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.

Act II.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

THose rooms do smell extreamly. Bring my Glass,
And Table hither, *Galla*. *Gal.* Madam. *Ful.* Look
Within, i'my blew Cabinet, for the Pearl
I had sent me last, and bring it. *Gal.* That from *Clodius?*
Ful. From *Caius Cæsar*. You are for *Clodius* still.
Or *Curius*. Sirrha, if *Quintus Curius* come,
I am not in fit mood; I keep my Chamber:
Give warning so without. *Gal.* Is this it, Madam?
Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine ear. *Gal.* Believe me,
It is a rich one, Madam. *Ful.* I hope so:
It should not be worn there else. Make an end,
And bind my Hair up. *Gal.* As 'twas yesterday?
Ful. No, nor the t'other day. When knew you me
Appear two days together in one dressing?
Gal. Will you ha't i'the globe or spire? *Ful.* How thou wilt;
Any way, so thou wilt do it, good Impertinence:
Thy company, if I slept not very well

A nights, would make me an errant Fool with Queſtions.
Gal. Alas, Madam— *Ful.* Nay, Gentle half o'the Dialogue, ceaſe.
Gal. I do it indeed, but for your exerciſe,
As your Phyſician bids me. *Ful.* How! Do's he bid you
To anger me for exerciſe? *Gal.* Not to anger you,
But ſtir your bloud a little: There's difference
Between luke-warm, and boyling, Madam. *Ful. Jov!*
She means to cook me, I think: Pray you, ha' done.
Gal. I mean to dreſs you, Madam. *Ful.* O, my *Juno!*
Be friend to me! Offring at wit, too? Why, *Galla!*
Where haſt thou been? *Gal.* Why, Madam! *Ful.* What haſt thou done
With thy poor innocent ſelf? *Gal.* Wherefore? ſweet Madam!
Ful. Thus to come forth, ſo ſuddainly, a Wit-worm.
Gal. It pleaſes you to flout one. I did dream
Of Lady *Sempronia*——— *Ful.* O, the wonder is out,
That did infect thee? VVell, and how? *Gal.* Me thought
She did diſcourſe the beſt—— *Ful.* That ever thou heard'ſt?
Gal. Yes. *Ful.* I'thy ſleep? Of what was her diſcourſe?
Gal. O' the *Republick*, Madam, and the State,
And how ſhe was in debt, and where ſhe meant
To raiſe freſh ſums: She's a great States-woman!
Ful. Thou dream'ſt all this? *Gal.* No, but you know ſhe is, Madam,
And both a Miſtreſs of the *Latine* Tongue,
And of the *Greek*. *Ful.* I, but I never dreamt it, *Galla*,
As thou haſt done, and therefore you muſt pardon me.
Gal. Indeed, you mock me, Madam *Ful.* Indeed, no.
Forth, with your learned Lady. She has a wit, too?
Gal. A very Maſculine one. *Ful.* A ſhe-*Critick*, *Galla*?
And can compoſe in Verſe, and make quick Jeſts,
Modeſt, or otherwiſe? *Gal.* Yes, Madam. *Ful.* She can ſing, too,
And play on Inſtruments? *Gal.* Of all kinds, they ſay.
Ful. And doth dance rarely? *Gal.* Excellent! So well,
As a bald *Senator* made a jeſt, and ſaid,
Twas better than an honeſt VVoman need.
Ful. Tut, ſhe may bear that. Few wiſe VVomens honeſties
VVill do their courtſhip hurt. *Gal.* She's liberal too, Madam.
Ful. VVhat! of her Money, or her Honour, pray thee?
Gal. Of both, you know not which ſhe doth ſpare leaſt.
Ful. A comely commendation. *Gal.* Troth, 'tis pity,
She is in years. *Ful.* VVhy? *Gal.* For it is.
Ful. O, is that all? I thought thou had'ſt had a reaſon.
Gal. VVhy, ſo I have. She has been a fine Lady,
And, yet, ſhe dreſſes her ſelf (except you, Madam)
One o'the beſt in *Rome*: and paints, and hides
Her decays very well. *Ful.* They ſay, it is,
Rather a Viſor, than a Face ſhe wears.

Gal.

Gal. They wrong her verily, Madam, ſhe do's ſleek
With crumbs of bread and milk, and lies a nights
In as neat Gloves—— But ſhe is [illegible]in of late
To ſeek more than ſhe's ſought to (one fame is)
And ſo ſpends that way. *Ful.* Thou know'ſt all! But, *Galla*,
What ſay you to *Catiline*'s Lady, *Oreſtilla?*
There is the Gallant! *Gal.* She does well. She has
Very good Sutes, and very rich: but then
She cannot put 'hem on. She knows not how
To wear a Garment. You ſhall have her all
Jewels and Gold ſometimes, ſo that her ſelf
Appears the leaſt part of her ſelf. No in troth,
As I live, Madam, you put 'hem all down
With your meer ſtrength of judgment! and do draw too,
The world of *Rome* to follow you! you attire
Your ſelf ſo diverſly! and with that ſpirit!
Still to the nobleſt humours! They could make
Love to your dreſs, although your face wear away, they ſay.
Ful. And body too, and ha' the better match on't?
Say they not ſo too, *Galla?* Now! What news
Travails your countenance with? *Ser.* If 't pleaſe you, Madam,
The Lady *Sempronia* is lighted at the Gate.
Gal. Caſtor, my dream, my dream. *Ser.* And comes to ſee you.
Gal. For *Venus* ſake, good Madam, ſee her. *Ful.* Peace,
The fool is wild, I think. *Gal.* And hear her talk,
Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

Sempronia, Fulvia, Galla.

Fulvia, Good Wench, how doſt thou? *Ful.* Well, *Sempronia*.
Whither are you thus early addreſt? *Sem.* To ſee
Aurelia Oreſtilla: She ſent for me:
I came to call thee with me, wilt thou go?
Ful. I cannot now in troth, I have ſome Letters
To write, and ſend away. *Sem.* Alas, I pity thee.
I ha' been writing all this night (and am
So very weary) unto all the *Tribes*
And *Centuries*, for their voices, to help *Catiline*
In his election. We ſhall make him *Conſul*,
I hope, amongſt us. *Craſſus*, I, and *Caſar*,
Will carry it for him. *Ful.* Does he ſtand for't?
Sem. He's the chief *Candidate*. *Ful.* Who ſtands beſide?
(Give me ſome wine and poulder for my teeth.
Sem. Here's a good pearl in troth! *Ful.* A pretty one.
Sem. A very orient one!) There are Competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Caſſius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that talker *Cicero*:

But

But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be choſen:
For four o' the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius* will give way.
And *Cicero* they will not chooſe. *Ful.* No? why?
Sem. It will be croſs'd, by the nobility.
Gal. (How ſhe do's underſtand the common buſineſs!)
Sem. Nor, were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An in-mate, here, in *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)
And the *Patricans* ſhould do very ill,
To let the *Conſul*-ſhip be ſo defil'd
As 't would be, if he obtain'd it? A meer upſtart,
That has no pedigree, no houſe, no coat,
No enſigns of a family? *Ful.* He has vertue.
Sem. Hang vertue, where there is no bloud: 'tis vice,
And, in him, ſaucineſs. Why ſhould he preſume
To be more learned, or more eloquent,
Than the nobility? or boaſt any quality
Worthy a noble man, himſelf not noble?
Ful. 'Twas vertue onely, at firſt, made all men noble.
Sem. I yeild you, it might, at firſt, in *Romes* poor age;
When both her Kings, and *Conſuls* held the plough,
Or garden'd well: But, now, we ha' no need,
To digg, or loſe our ſweat for't. We have wealth,
Fortune and eaſe, and then their ſtock, to ſpend on,
Of name, for vertue; which will bear us out
'Gainſt all new commers: and can never fail us,
While the ſucceſſion ſtays. And, muſt we glorifie,
A muſhrome? one of yeſterday? a fine ſpeaker?
'Cauſe he has ſuck'd at *Athens*? and advance him,
To our own loſs? No, *Fulvia*. There are they
Can ſpeak *greek* too, if need were. *Cæſar*, and I,
Have ſet upon him; ſo hath *Craſſus*, too:
And others. We have all decreed his reſt,
For riſing farder. *Gal.* Excellent rare Lady!
Ful. Sempronia, you are beholden to my woman, here.
She do's admire you. *Sem.* O good *Galla*, how doſt thou?
Gal. The better, for your learned Ladyſhip.
Sem. Is this grey poulder, a good dentifrice?
Ful. You ſee I uſe it. *Sem.* I have one is whiter.
Ful. It may be ſo. *Sem.* Yet this ſmells well. *Gal* And cleanſes
Very well, Madam, and reſiſts the crudities.
Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee, now?
Which of our great *Patricans*? *Ful.* Faith, I keep
No catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the toy takes their blouds.
Sem. Thou haſt them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,

Thy ſpecial ſervant, here? *Ful.* My ſpecial ſervant?
Sem. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *Ful.* He may be yours,
If you do like him, *Sem.* How! *Ful*, He comes, not here,
I have forbid him, hence. *Sem. Venus* forbid!
Ful. Why? *Sem.* Your ſo conſtant lover. *Ful.* So much the
I would have change. So would you too, I am ſure.
And now you may have him. *Sem.* He's freſh yet, *Fulvia*:
Beware, how you do attempt me. *Ful.* Faith, for me,
He' is ſomwhat too freſh, indeed. The ſalt is gone,
That gave him ſeaſon. His good gifts are done.
He do's not yeild the crop that he was wont.
And, for the act, I can have ſecret fellows,
With backs worth ten of him, and ſhall pleaſe me
(Now that the land is fled) a myriade better.
Sem. And thoſe one may command. *Ful.* 'Tis true: theſe Lordings,
Your noble *Fauns*, they are ſo imperious, ſaucy,
Rude, and as boiſtrous as *Centaures*, leaping,
A Lady, at firſt ſight. *Sem.* And muſt be born
Both with, and out, they think. *Ful.* Tut, I'le obſerve
None of 'hem all: nor humour 'hem a jot
Longer, than they come laden in the hand,
And ſay, here's t' one, for th' tother. *Sem.* Do's *Ceſar* give well?
Ful. They ſhall all give, and pay well, that come here.
If they will have it: and that jewels, pearl,
Plate, or round ſums, to buy theſe. I am not taken,
With a cob-ſwan, or a high-mounting bull,
As fooliſh *Leda*, and *Europa* were,
But the bright gold, with *Danae*. For ſuch price,
I would endure, a rough, harſh *Jupiter*,
Or ten ſuch thundring gamſters: and refrain
To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much ſuffering.
Sem. Th' art a moſt happy wench, that thus canſt make
Uſe of thy youth, and freſhneſs, in the ſeaſon:
And haſt, it to make uſe of. *Ful.* (Which is the happineſs.)
Sem. I am, now, fain to give to them, and keep
Muſick, and a continual table, to invite 'hem:
Ful. (Yes, and they ſtudy your kitchin, more than you)
Sem. Eat my ſelf out with uſury, and my Lord too,
And all my officers, and friends beſide,
To procure moneys, for the needful charge
I muſt be at, to have 'hem: and, yet, ſcarce
Can I atchieve 'hem, ſo. *Ful.* Why, that's becauſe
You affect young faces only, and ſmooth chins,
Sempronia. If youl'd love beards, and briſtles,
(One with another, as others do) or wrinkles——
Who's that! Look *Galla*. *Gal.* 'Tis the party, Madam.

Ful.

Ful. What party? Has he no name? *Gal.* 'Tis *Quintus Curius.*
Ful. Did I not bid 'hem, ſay, I kept my chamber?
Gal. Why, ſo they do. *Sem.* Ile leave you, *Fulvia.*
Ful. Nay, good *Sempronia*, ſtay. *Sem.* In faith, I will not.
Ful. By *Juno*, I would not ſee him. *Sem* I'le not hinder you.
Ful. You know he will not be kept out, Madam. *Sem.* No,
Nor ſhall not, careful *Galla*, by my means.
Ful. As I do live, *Sempronia.*——*Sem.* What needs this?
Ful. Go, ſay, I am a ſleep, and ill at eaſe.
Sem. By *Caſtor*, no, I'le tell him you are awake;
And very well. Stay *Galla*; Farewell *Fulvia*:
I know my manners. Why do you labour, thus,
With action, againſt purpoſe: *Quintus Curius*,
She is, I faith, here, and in diſpoſition.
Ful. Spight, with your courteſie! How ſhall I be tortur'd!

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

WHere are you, fair one, that conceal your ſelf,
And keep your your beauty, within locks and bars, here,
Like a fools treaſure? *Ful.* True, ſhe was a fool,
When, firſt, ſhe ſhew'd it to a thief. *Cur.* How, pretty ſullenneſs!
So harſh, and ſhort? *Ful.* The fools artillery, Sir.
Cur. Then, take my gown off, for th' encounter. *Ful.* Stay Sir.
I am not in the mood. *Cur.* I'le put you into't.
Ful. Beſt put your ſelf, i'your caſe again, and keep
Your furious appetite warm, againſt you have place for't.
Cur. What do you coy it? *Ful.* No Sir. I'am not proud.
Cur. I would you were. You think, this ſtate becomes you?
By *Hercules*, it do's not. Look i'your glaſs, now,
And ſee, how ſcurvily that countenance ſhews;
You would be loth to own it. *Ful.* I ſhall not chang it.
Cur. Faith, but you muſt; and ſlack this bended brow;
And ſhoot leſs ſcorn: there is a fortune coming
Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee, thus,
And ſet thee aloft, to tread upon the head
Of her own ſtatue, here, in *Rome*. *Ful.* I wonder,
Who let this promiſer in: Did you, good diligence?
Give him his bribe, again. Or if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is ſo ventrous,
To preſs, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden,
Both, by my ſelf, and ſervants? *Cur.* How! This's handſom!
And ſomwhat a n w ſtrain! *Ful* 'Tis not ſtrain'd, Sir.
'Tis very natural. *Cur.* I have known it otherwiſe,
Between the parties, though. *Ful.* For your fore-knowledge,
Thank that, which made it. It will not be ſo,
Hereafter, I aſſure you. *Cur.* No, my Miſtreſs?
Ful. No, though you bring the ſame materials. *Cur.* Hear me,

You over-act when you ſhould under-do.
A little call your ſelf again, and think.
If you do this to practiſe on me, or find
At what forc'd diſtance you can hold your ſervant;
That it be an artificial trick, to enflame,
And fire me more, fearing my love may need it,
As, heretofore, you ha' done: why, proceed.
Ful. As I ha' done heretofore? *Cur.* Yes, when you'ld fain
Your husbands jealouſie, your ſervant watches,
Speak ſoftly, and run often to the dore,
Or to the window, from ſtrange fears that were not;
As if the pleaſure were leſs acceptable,
That were ſecure. *Ful.* You are an impudent fellow.
Cur. And, when you might better have done it, at the gate,
To take me in at the caſement. *Ful.* I take you in?
Cur. Yes, you my Lady. And, then, being a-bed with you,
To have your well taught waiter, here, come running,
And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cauſe,
Cruſh'd in a cheſt, or thruſt up in a chimney.
When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm;
Or, had he been here, and preſent, would have kept
Both eyes, and beak ſeal'd up, for ſix *ſeſterces*.
Ful. You have a ſlanderous, beaſtly, unwaſh'd tongue,
I' your rude mouth, and ſavouring your ſelf,
Un-manner'd Lord. *Cur.* How now! *Ful.* It is your title, Sir.
Who (ſince you ha' loſt your own good name, and know not
What to loſe more) care not, whoſe honor you wound,
Or fame you poiſon with it. You ſhould go,
And vent your ſelf, i' the region, where you live,
Among the ſuburb-brothels, bawds, and brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes have deſign'd you.
Cur. Nay, then I muſt ſtop your fury, and pluck
The tragick viſor off. Come, Lady *Cypris*,
[*He offers to force her, and ſhe draws her Knife.*
Know your own vertues, quickly. I'le not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, a-freſh,
At every turn, for all the *Venus* in you.
Yeild, and be pliant; or by *Pollux*——How now?
Will *Lais* turn a *Lucrece*? *Ful.* No, but by *Caſtor*,
Hold off your raviſhers hands, I peirce your heart, elſe.
I'le not be put to kill my ſelf, as ſhe did
For you, ſweet *Tarquin*. What? do you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciouſly! Put not up.
You'l ſooner draw your weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the *Senate*, who have caſt you forth
Diſgracefully, to be the commonly tale

Of

Of the vvhole City; baſe infamous man!
For, vvere you other, you vvould there imploy
Your deſperate Dagger. *Cur. Fulvia*, you do know
The ſtrengths you have upon me: do not uſe
Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bear.
Almoſt until you break me. *Ful*, I do know Sir,
So do's the *Senate*, too, know you can bear
Cur. By all the Gods, that *Senate* vvill ſmart deep
For your upbraidings. I ſhould be right ſorry
To have the means ſo to be veng'd on you,
(At leaſt, the vvill) as I ſhall ſhortly on them.
But go you on ſtill, fare you vvell dear Lady:
You could not ſtill be fair, unleſs you vvhere proud.
You vvill repent theſe moods, and ere't be long, too.
I ſhall ha' you come about, again. *Ful.* Do you think ſo?
Cur. Yes, and I know ſo. *Ful.* By vvhat augury?
Cur. By the fair entrails of the matrons cheſts,
Gold, pearl, and jewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
Will then (but late) ſay that ſhe might have ſhar'd:
And grieving, miſs. *Ful.* Tut, all your promiſed mountains,
And ſeas, I am ſo ſtalely acquainted with——
Cur. But, when you ſee the univerſal floud
Run by your coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,
Are ſold for ſlaves, their wives for bond-women,
Their houſes, and fine gardens given away,
And all their goods, under the ſpear, at out-cry,
And you have none of this; but are ſtill *Fulvia*,
Or perhaps leſs, while you are thinking of it:
You will adviſe then, Coineſs with your cuſhion.
And look o' your fingers; ſay, how you were wiſh'd;
And ſo, he left you. *Ful.* Call him again, *Galla*:
This is not uſual! ſomthing hangs on this
That I muſt win out of him. *Cur.* How now, melt you?
Ful. Come, you will laugh, now, at my eaſineſs!
But 'tis no miracle: Doves, they ſay, will bill,
After their pecking, and their murmuring. *Cur.* Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry, ſomtimes, to ſweeten off the reſt
Of her behaviour. *Ful.* You do ſee, I ſtudy
How I may pleaſe you, then. But you think, *Curius*,
'Tis covetiſe hath wrought me: if you love me,
Chang that unkind conceipt. *Cur.* By my lov'd ſoul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my ſtudy,
More than mine own reveng, to make thee happy.
Ful. And 'tis that juſt reveng, doth make me happy
To hear you proſecute: and which, indeed,

Hath

Hath vvon me to you, more, than all the hope
Of vvhat can elſe be promis'd. I love Valour
Better, than any Lady loves her Face,
Or dreſſing: than my ſelf do's. Let me grow
Still, vvhere I do embrace. But, what good means
Ha' you t'effect it? Shall I know your project?
Cur. Thou ſhalt, if thou'lt be gracious. *Ful.* As I can be.
Cur. And wilt thou kiſs me, then? *Ful.* As cloſe as ſhells
Of Cockles meet. *Cur.* And print 'hem deep? *Ful.* Quite through
Our ſubtle lips. *Cur.* And often? *Ful.* I Will ſow 'hem
Faſter, than you can reap. What is your plot:
Cur. Why, now my *Fulvia* lookes, like her bright name!
And is her ſelf! *Ful.* Nay, anſwer me, your Plot:
I pray thee tell me, *Quintus*. *Cur.* I, theſe ſounds
[*She kiſſes and flatters him along ſtill.*
Become a Miſtreſs. Here is harmony!
When you are harſh, I ſee, the vvay to bend you
Is not with violence, but ſervice. Cruel,
A Lady is a fire; gentle, a light.
Ful. Will you not tell me what I ask you? *Cur.* All,
That I can think, ſweet love, or my breaſt holds,
Ile pour into thee. *Ful.* What is your deſign then?
Cur. Ile tell thee; *Catiline* ſhall now be *Conſul*:
But, you will hear more ſhortly. *Ful.* Nay, my dear love ——
Cur. Ile ſpeak it, in thine armes, let us go in.
Rome vvill be ſack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
By publique ruine, private ſpirits muſt riſe.

Chorus.

GReat Father Mars, *and greater* Jove,
By whoſe high auſpice, Rome *hath ſtood*
So long; and firſt was built in blood
Of your great Nephew, that then ſtrove
Not with his brother, but your rites:
Be preſent to her now, as then,
And let not proud, and factious men
Againſt your wills oppoſe their mights.
Our Conſuls now, are to be made;
O, put it in the publique Voice,
To make a free and worthy choice:
Excluding ſuch as would invade
The common Wealth. Let whom we name
Have Wiſdom, fore-ſight, fortitude,
Be more with Faith, than face endu'd,

And

And ſtudy conſcience, above Fame.
Such, as not ſeek to get the ſtart
In ſtate, by power, parts, or bribes,
Ambition's bawds: but move the Tribes
By Vertue, Modeſty, Deſert,
Such as to juſtice will adhere,
What ever great one it offend:
And from the embraced truth not bend
For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.
That, by their deeds, will make it known,
Whoſe dignity they do ſuſtain;
And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
Count the republique's, not their own.
Such the old Bruti, Decii *were*
The Cipi, Curtii, *who did give*
Themſelves for Rome; *and would not live,*
As men, good, only for a year.
Such were the great Camilli *too;*
The Fabii, Scipio's; *that ſtill thought*
No work, at price enough, was bought,
That for their Country they could do.
And to her Honour ſo did knit;
As all their acts were underſtood:
The ſinews of the publick good:
And they themſelves, one ſoul, with it.
Theſe men were truly Magiſtrates;
Theſe neither practic'd force, nor formes:
Nor did they leave the Helm, in Storms.
And ſuch they are make happy ſtates.

Act III.

Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Craſſus, Cæſar, Chorus, Lictors.

GReat honors are great burdens: but, on whom
They are caſt with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares muſt ſtill be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where if he err
He finds no pardon: and, for doing well
A moſt ſmall praiſe, and that wrung out by force.
I ſpeak this, *Romans*, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you have truſted to me, is.
Not, that thereby I would with art decline

The good, or greatneſs of your benefit;
For, I aſcribe it to your ſingular Grace,
And vow, to owe it to no title elſe,
Except the Gods, that *Cicero* is your *Conſul*.
I have no urns; no duſty Monuments;
No broken Images of Anceſtors
Wanting an Ear, or Noſe; no forged tables
Of long deſcents; to boaſt falſe honors from:
Or be my under-takers to your truſt.
But a new man (as I am ſtil'd in *Rome*)
Whom you have dignified; and more in whom
Yo' have cut away, and left it ope for vertue
Hereafter, to that place: which our great men
Held ſhut up, with all ramparts, for themſelves.
Nor have but few of them, in time been made
Your *Conſuls*, ſo; new men, before me, none:
At my firſt ſuit, in my juſt year; preferd
To all competitors; and ſome the nobleſt ——
Cra. Now the vein ſwells. *Caſ.* Up glory. *Cic.* And to have
Your loud conſents, for your own utter'd voices;
Not ſilent books: nor for the meaner *Tribes*,
But firſt, and laſt, the univerſal concourſe!
This is my Joy, my gladneſs. But my care,
My induſtry, and vigilance now muſt work,
That ſtill your Councels of me be approv'd;
Both, by your ſelves and thoſe to whom you have,
With grudge, preferr'd me: two things I muſt labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.
For every laſp of mine will now be call'd
Your error, if I make ſuch. But my hope is,
So to bear through, and out, the *Conſul*-ſhip,
As ſpite ſhall ne're wound you, though it may me.
And for my ſelf, I have prepar'd this ſtrength,
To do ſo well; as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it ſhall make the Gods to bluſh:
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envy'd.
Caſ. O confidence! more new, than is the man!
Cic. I know well, in what terms I do receive
The common-wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which, there's not that miſchief, or ill fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
I know, beſide, ſome turbulent practiſes
Already on foot, and rumors of more dangers ——
Cra. Or you will make them, if there be none. *Cic.* Laſt,
I know 'twas this, which made the envy, and pride
Of the great *Roman* blood bare, and give way

To my election. *Cat.* *Marcus Tullius*, true;
Our need made thee our *Conſul*, and thy vertue.

Caſ. *Cato*, you will un-do him, with your praiſe.

Cato. *Caſar* will hurt himſelf, with his own envy.

Chor. The voice of *Cato* is the voice of *Rome*.

Cato. The voice of *Rome* is the conſent of heaven!
And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the helm,
VVhere thou muſt render, now, thy ſelf a man,
And maſter of thy art. Each petty hand
Can ſteer a ſhip becalm'd; but he that will
Govern, and carry her to her ends, muſt know
His tides, his currents; how to ſhift his ſails;
VVhat ſhe will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her ſprings are, her leaks; and how to ſtop 'hem;
What ſands, what ſhelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Guſts, ſtorms, and tempeſts; when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven: then, to manage her,
Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot.

Cic. Which I'le perform, with all the diligence,
And fortitude I have, not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be leſs,
And that my year conclude it: if it muſt,
Your will, lov'd Gods. This heart ſhall yet employ
A day, an hour is left me, ſo, for *Rome*,
As it ſhall ſpring a life, out of my death,
To ſhine, for ever glorious in my facts.
The vicious count their years, vertuous their acts.

Chor. Moſt noble *Conſul*! Let us wait him home.

Caſ. Moſt popular *Conſul* he is grown, methinks!

Cra. How the rout cling to him! *Caſ.* And *Cato* leads 'hem!

Cra. You his colleague, *Antonius*, are not look't on.

Ant. Not I, nor do I care. *Caſ.* He enjoys reſt,
And eaſe, the while. Let th' others ſpirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inſpir'd for turmoil.

Catu. If all reports be true, yet, *Caius Caſar*,
The time hath need of ſuch a watch, and ſpirit.

Caſ. Reports? Do you believe 'hem *Catulus*,
Why, he do's make, and breed 'hem for the people;
T'endear his ſervice to 'hem. Do you not taſt
An art, that is ſo common? Popular men,
They muſt create ſtrange monſters, and then quell 'hem;
To make their arts ſeem ſomthing. Would you have
Such an *Herculean* actor in the ſcene,

And not his *Hydra*? They must sweat no less.
To fit their properties, than t'express their parts.
Cra. Treasons, and guilty men are made in states
Too oft, to dignifie the magistrates.
Catu. Those states be wretched, that are forc'd to buy
Their rulers fame, with their own infamy.
Cra. We therefore, should provide that ours do not.
Cæs. That will *Antonius* make his care. *Ant.* I shall.
Cæs. And watch the watcher. *Catu.* Here comes *Catiline*.
How do's he brook his late repulse? *Cæs.* I know not.
But hardly sure. *Cat. Longinus*, too, did stand?
Cæs. At first: but he gave way unto his friend.
Catu. Who's that come? *Lentulus*? *Cæs.* Yes. He is again
Taken into the *Senate*. *Ant.* And made *Prætor*.
Cat. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the *Consuls*;
Cæs. True, you were there, Prince of the *Senate*, then.

Catiline, Antonius, Catulus, Cæsar, Crassus, Longinus, Lentulus.

HAil noblest *Romans*. The most worthy *Consul*,
I gratulate your honor. *Ant.* I could wish
It had been happier, by your fellowship,
Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people.
Cati. It did not please the Gods; who instruct the people:
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us, than our selves;
And 'twere impiety, to think against them.
Catu. You bear it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads me,
To find your thoughts so even. *Cati.* I shall still
Study to make them such to *Rome*, and heaven.
(I would withdraw with you, a little, *Julius*.
Cæs. Ile come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you
To speak to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.
Cati. I apprehend you. No, when they shall judge
Honors convenient for me, I shall have 'hem,
With a full hand: *I* know it. In mean time,
They are no less part of the common-wealth,
That do obey, than those, that do command.
Catu. O, let me kiss your fore-head, *Ludius*.
How are you wrong'd! *Cati.* By whom? *Catu.* Publike report.
That gives you out, to stomach your repulse;
And brook it deadly. *Cati.* Sir, she brooks not me.
Believe me rather, and your self, now, of me:
It is a kind of slander, to trust rumour.
Catu. I know it. And I could be angry with it.
Cati. So may not I. Where it confutes himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Catu.

Catu. Moſt noble *Sergius*! This your temper melts me.
Cra. Will you do office to the *Conſul Quintus*?
Ceſ. Which *Cato*, and the rout have done the other?
Catu. *I* wait, when he will go. Be ſtill your ſelf.
He wants no ſtate, or honors, that hath vertue.
Cati. Did *I* appear ſo tame, as this man thinks me?
Look'd I ſo poor? So dead? So like that nothing,
Which he calls vertuous? O my breaſt, break quickly;
And ſhew my friends my in-parts, leſt they think
I have betraid 'hem. (*Lon.* Where's *Gabinius*? *Len.* Gone.
Lon. And *Vargunteius*? *Len.* Slipt away; all ſhrunk:
Now that he miſt the *Conſul*-ſhip.) *Cati.* *I* am
The ſcorn of bond-men; who are next to beaſts.
What can *I* worſe pronounce my ſelf, that's fitter?
The Owl of *Rome*, whom boys and girles will hout!
That were *I* ſet up, for that woodden God,
That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,
Or the leaſt bird from muiting on my head.
(*Lon.* 'Tis ſtrange how he ſhould miſs it. *Len.* *Is't* not ſtranger,
The upſtart *Cicero* ſhould carry it ſo,
By all conſents, from men ſo much his maſters?
Lon. 'Tis true) *Cati.* To what a ſhadow, *I* am melted!
(*Lon.* *Antonius* wan it but by ſome few voices.)
Cati. Struck through, like air, and feel it not. My wounds
Cloſe faſter, than they're made. (*Len.* The whole deſign,
And interpriſe is loſt by't. All hands quit it,
Upon his fail.) *Cati.* *I* grow mad at my patience.
It is a viſor that hath poiſon'd me.
Would it had burnt me up, and *I* died inward:
My heart firſt turn'd to aſhes. (*Lon.* Here's *Cethegus* yet.)

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

REpulſe upon repulſe? An in-mate, *Conſul*?
That *I* could reach the axell, where the pins are,
Which bolt this frame, that *I* might pull 'hem out,
And pluck all into *chaos*, with my ſelf.
Cet. What, are we wiſhing now? *Cati.* Yes, my *Cethegus*.
Who would not fall with all the world about him?
Cet. Not *I*, that would ſtand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out, to make another.
Theſe wiſhings taſt of woman, not of *Roman*.
Let us ſeek other arms. *Cati.* What ſhould we do?
Cet. Do, and not wiſh; ſomething, that wiſhes take not:
So ſudden, as the gods ſhould not prevent,
No, ſcarce have time, to fear. *Cati.* O noble *Caius*!
Cet. *It* likes me better, that you are not *Conſul*,
I would not go through open doors, but break 'hem;

Swim to my ends, through bloud; or build a bridge
Of carcasses; make on, upon the heads
Of men, struck down, like piles; to reach the lives
Of those remain, and stand: Then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruine makes the way.
Cati. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that may not,
At all times, shew such as I am; but bend
Unto occasion? *Lentulus*, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of *Jove*; and rivet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but frown, and let
His own gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.
Len. Peace, here comes *Cato*. *Cati.* Let him come, and hear.
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all;
I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will undertake this giants war, and carry it.
Len. What needs this, *Lucius*? *Lon. Sergius*, be more wary.
Cati. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new *Consul's* spy,
What is your sowre austerity sent t'explore.
Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters, and racks cannot expresse from thee
More, than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment waits thee.
Cati. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he judge me? *Cato.* No, the gods;
Who, ever, follow those, they go not with:
And *Senate*; who, with fire, must purge sick *Rome*
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same air with thee. *Cet.* Strike him. *Len.* Hold, good *Caius*.
Cet. Fear'st thou not, *Cato*? *Cato.* Rash *Cethegus*, no.
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou
Do threat, if *Cato* fear'd. *Cati.* The fire you speak of
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
Ile quench it, not with water, but with ruine.
Cato. You here this, *Romans*. *Cati.* Bear it to the *Consul*.
Cet. I would have sent away his Soul, before him.
You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remiss;
It is for you we labour, and the Kingdom
Promis'd you by the *Sybils*. *Cati.* Which his *Prætor*-ship,
And some small flattery of the *Senate* more,
Will make him to forget. *Len.* You wrong me, *Lucius*.
Lon. He will not need these spurs. *Cet.* The action needs them.
These things, when they proceed not, they go backward.
Len. Let us consult then. *Cet.* Let us, first, take arms.
They that deny us just things, now, will give
All that we ask; if once they see our swords.
Cat. Our objects must be sought with wounds, not words.

Cicero.

Cicero Fulvia.

IS there a heaven? and gods? and can it be
They ſhould ſo ſlowly hear, ſo ſlowly feel!
Hath *Jove* no thunder? Or is *Jove* become
Stupid as thou art? O near wretched *Rome*,
When both thy *Senate*, and thy gods do ſleep,
And neither thine, nor thine own ſtates do keep!
What will awake thee, heaven? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this laſt plot was only *Catilines*.
O, that it were his laſt. But he, before
Hath ſafely done ſo much, he'll ſtill dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, ne're looks back;
And is a ſwelling, and the laſt affection
A high mind can put off: being both a rebel
Unto the ſoul, and reaſon, and enforceth
All laws, all conſcience, treads upon religion,
And offereth violence to natures ſelf.
But, here, is that tranſcends it! A black purpoſe
To confound nature: and to ruine that,
Which never age, nor mankind can repair!
Sit down, good Lady; *Cicero* is loſt
In this your fable: for, to think it true
Tempteth my reaſon. *It* ſo far exceeds
All inſolent fictions of the tragick *ſcene*!
The common-wealth, yet panting, under-neath
The ſtripes, and wounds of a late civil war,
Gaſping for life, and ſcarce reſtor'd to hope,
To ſeek t'oppreſs her, with new cruelty,
And utterly extinguiſh her long name,
With ſo prodigious, and unheard-of fierceneſs!
What ſink of monſters, wretches of loſt minds,
Mad after change and deſp'rate in their ſtates,
Wearied, and gall'd with their neceſſities,
(For all this *I* allow them) durſt have though it?
Would not the the barbarous deeds have been believ'd,
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our children,
Without this fact had riſe forth greater, for them?
All, that they did, was piety, to this!
They, yet, but murdred kinsfolk, brothers, parents,
Raviſh'd the virgins, and, perhaps, ſome matrons;
They left the City ſtanding, and the temples:
The gods, and majeſty of *Rome* were ſafe yet!
Theſe purpoſe to fire it, to diſpoile them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waſt
The far-triumphed world: for, unto whom

Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my Lord, I had the ſame diſcourſe.

Cic. And, then, to take a horrid ſacrament
In human bloud, for execution
Of this their dire deſign; which might be call'd
The height of wickedneſs: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it! *Ful.* I aſſure your Lordſhip,
The extreme horror of it almoſt turn'd me
To air, when firſt I heard it; I was all
A vapor, when 'twas told me: and I long'd
To vent it any where. 'Twas ſuch a ſecret,
I thought it would have burnt me up. *Cic.* Good *Fulvia*,
Fear not your act; and leſs repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good Lord. I know to whom
I have utter'd it. *Cic.* You have diſcharg'd it, ſafely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy ſervice,
Turn moſt ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conſcience of the fact: ſo much good deeds
Reward themſelves. *Ful.* My Lord, I did it not
To any other aim, but for it ſelf.
To no ambition. *Cic.* You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publike weale,
And private friendſhip: and have ſhewn it, Lady.
Be ſtill your ſelf. I have ſent for *Quintus Curius*,
And (for your vertuous ſake) if I can win him,
Yet, to the common wealth; he ſhall be ſafe, too.

Ful. *I*le undertake, my Lord, he ſhall be won.

Cic. Pray you, joyn with me, then: and help to work him.

Cicero, Lictor, Fulvia, Curius.

HOw now? Is he come? *Lic.* He's here, my Lord. *Cic.* Go preſently,
Pray my colleague *Antonius*, *I* may ſpeak with him,
About ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate;
And (as you go) call on my brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aid me?

Ful. *I*t is my duty. *Cic.* O, my noble Lord!
I have to chide you, i'faith, Give me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 'tſhall be gently, *Curius*.
You look upon this Lady? What! do you gueſs
My buſineſs, yet? Come, if you frown, *I* thunder:
Therefore, put on your better looks, and thoughts.
There's nought but fair, and good, intended to you;
And *I* would make thoſe your complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpoſe,
Next ſitting, to reſtore you; as they ha' done.

The

The ſtupid, and ungrateful *Lentulus*
(Excuſe me, that I name you thus, together,
For, yet, you are not ſuch) would you, I ſay,
A perſon both of bloud and honor, ſtock't
In a long race of vertuous anceſtors,
Embark your ſelf for ſuch a helliſh action,
With parricides, and traitors; men turn'd *furies*,
Out of the waſt, and ruine of their fortunes?
(For 'tis deſpair, that is the mother of madneſs)
Such as want (that, which all conſpirators,
But they, have firſt) meer colour for their miſchief.
O, I muſt bluſh with you. Come, you ſhall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean;
Bad men excuſe their faults, good men will leave 'hem.
He acts the third crime, that defends the firſt.
Here is a Lady, that hath got the ſtart.
In piety, of us all; and, for whoſe vertue,
I could almoſt turn lover, again: but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an honor
Hath ſhe atchieved to her ſelf! What voices,
Titles, and loud applauſes will purſue her,
Through ever ſtreet! What windows will be fill'd,
To ſhoot eyes at her! What envy, and grief in matrons,
They are not ſhe! when this her act ſhall ſeem
Worthier a Chariot, than if *Pompey* came,
With *Aſia* chain'd! All this is, while ſhe lives.
But dead, her very name will be a ſtatue!
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all poſterity: when braſs, and marble,
I, and the *Capitol* it ſelf is duſt!

Ful. Your honor thinks too highly of me. *Cic.* No.
I cannnot think enough. And *I* would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no ſhame, to follow
The better precedent. She ſhewsyou, *Curius*,
What claim your countrey layes to you: and what duty,
You owe to it: be not afraid, to break
With murderers, and traitors, for the ſaving
A life, ſo near and neceſſary to you,
As is your countrey's. Think but on her right.
No child can be too natural to his parent.
She is our common mother, and doth challeng
The prime part of us; do not ſtop, but give it:
He, that is void of fear, may ſoon be juſt.
And no religion binds men to be traitors.

Ful. My Lord, he underſtands it: and will follow
Your ſaving counſel: but ſhame, yet, ſtayes him.

I know, that he is coming. *Cur.* Do you know it?
Ful. Yes, let me ſpeak with you. *Cur.* O you are---*Ful.* What am I?
Cur. Speak not ſo loud. *Ful.* I am, what you ſhould be.
Come, do you think, I'ld walk in any plot,
Where Madam *Sempronia* ſhould take place of me,
And *Fulvia* come i' the *rere*, or o' the *by*?
That I would be her ſecond; in a buſineſs,
Though it might vantage me, all the Sun ſees?
It was a ſilly phant'ſie of yours. Apply
Your ſelf to me, and the *Conſul*, and be wiſe;
Follow the fortune I ha' put you into:
You may be ſomthing this way, and with ſafety.
Cic. Nay, I muſt tolerate no whiſperings, Lady.
Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way,
Wherein he was, how hazardous his courſe was.
Cic. How hazardous? how certain to all ruine?
Did he, or do, yet, any of them imagine
The gods would ſleep, to ſuch a *Stygian* practice,
Againſt that common-wealth, which they have founded
With ſo much labour, and like care have kept,
Now near ſeven hundred years? It is a madneſs,
Wherewith heaven blinds 'hem, when it would confound 'hem,
That they ſhould think it. Come, my *Curius*,
I ſee your nature's right; you ſhall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good ſhame, no farder. Stand
Firm for your countrey; and become a man
Honor'd, and lov'd. It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,
What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*
Will heap upon you, certain, for your ſervice?
Let not a deſperate action more engage you,
Than ſafety ſhould: and wicked friendſhips force
What honeſty, and vertue cannot work.
Ful. He tells you right, ſweet friend: 'Tis ſaving counſel.
Cur. Moſt noble *Conſul*, I am yours, and hers,
I mean my countrey's: you' have form'd me new.
Inſpiring me, with what I ſhould be, truly.
And I intreat, my faith may not ſeem cheaper
For ſpringing out of penitence. *Cic.* Good *Curius*,
It ſhall be dearer rather, and becauſe
Il'd make it ſuch, hear, how I truſt you more.
Keep ſtill your former face: and mix again
With theſe loſt ſpirits. Run all their mazes with 'hem:
For ſuch are Treaſons. Find their winding out,
And ſubtle turnings; watch their ſnaky ways,

Through

Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkneſs,
Where they are fain to creep upon their breaſts
In paths ne're trod by men, but wolves, and panthers.
Learn, beſide *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and thoſe,
Whoſe names I have; what new ones they draw in;
Who elſe are likely; What thoſe great ones are,
They do not name; what wayes they mean to take;
And whither their hopes point: to war, or ruine,
By ſome ſurprize. Explore all their intents,
And what you find may profit the republique,
Acquaint me with it, either, by your ſelf,
Or this your friend, on whom I lay
The care of urging you. Ile ſee, that *Rome*
Shall prove a thankful, and a bounteous mother:
Be ſecret, as the night. *Cur.* And conſtant, Sir.
Cic. I do not doubt it. Though the time cut off
All vows. The dignity of truth is loſt,
With much proteſting, Who is there! This way,
Leſt you be ſeen, and met. And when you come,
Be this your token, to this fellow. Light 'hem.
[*He whiſpers with him,*
O *Rome*, in what a ſickneſs art thou fallen!
How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head
Is drown'd in ſleep, and all thy body fev'ry!
No noiſe, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy *lethargy* is ſuch: or if by chance,
Thou heav'ſt thy eye-lids up, thou doſt forget
Sooner, than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did un-reverendly, to blame the gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou ſnore to thy ſelf.
Is it not ſtrange, thou ſhould'ſt be ſo diſeas'd,
And ſo ſecure? But more, that the firſt ſymptomes
Of ſuch a malady, ſhould not riſe out
From any worthy member, but a baſe
And common ſtrumpet, worthleſs to be nam'd
A hair, or part of thee? Think, think hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou muſt uſe ſuch means:
And lay it to thy breaſt, haſte much the gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them; by making
So vile a thing, the author of thy ſafety.
They could have wrought by nobler wayes: have ſtruck
Thy foes with forked lightning; or ram'd thunder;
Thrown hills upon 'hem, in the act; have ſent
Death, like a damp, to all their families;
Or caus'd their conſciences to burſt 'hem. But,
VVhen they will ſhew thee, what thou art, and make

A ſcornful difference 'twixt their power, and thee,
They help thee by ſuch aids, as geeſe, and harlots.
How now? What anſwer? Is he come? *Lic.* Your brother,
Will ſtreight be here; and your colleague *Antonius*
Said, coldly, he would follow me. *Cic.* I that
Troubles me ſomwhat. and is worth my fear.
He is a man, 'gainſt whom I muſt provide,
That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
And wiſh it ſhould proceed: for, unto men,
Preſt with their wants, all change is ever welcom.
I muſt with offices, and patience win him;
Make him by art, that which he is not born,
A friend unto the publique; and beſtow
The *Province* on him; which is by the *Senate*
Decreed to me: that benefit will bind him;
'Tis well, if ſome men will do well for price:
So few are vertuous, when the reward's away.
Nor muſt I be unmindful of my private;
For which I have call'd my brother, and the *tribunes*,
My kins-folk, and my clients to be near me:
He that ſtands up 'gainſt traitors, and their ends,
Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends:
Eſpecially, in ſuch an envious ſtate,
That ſooner will accuſe the magiſtrate,
Than the delinquent; and will rather grieve
The treaſon is not acted, than beleve

Cæſar, Catiline.

THe night grows on; and you are for your meeting:
Ile therefore end in few. Be reſolute,
And put your enterpriſe in act: the more
Actions of depth, and danger are conſider'd,
The leſs aſſuredly they are perform'd.
And thence it hapneth, that the braveſt plots
(Not executed ſtraight) have been diſcover'd.
Say, you are conſtant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched ſpirit,
With whom the fear of puniſhment ſhall work
Bove all the thoughts of honor, and revenge.
You are not, now, to think what's beſt to do,
As in beginnings; but, what muſt be done,
Being thus entred: and ſlip no advantage
That may ſecure you. Let them call it miſchief.
When it is paſt, and proſper'd, 'twill be vertue.
Th'are petty crimes, are puniſh'd, great rewarded.
Nor muſt you think of peril; ſince attempts,

Begun

Begun with danger, ſtill do end with glory:
And, when need ſpurs, deſpair will be call'd wiſdom.
Leſs ought the care of men, or fame to fright you;
For they, that win, do ſeldome receive ſhame
Of victory: how ere it be atchiev'd;
And vengeance, leaſt. For who, beſieg'd with wants,
Would ſtop at death, or any thing beyond it?
Come, there was never any great thing, yet,
Aſpired, but by violence, or fraud:
And he that ſticks (for folly of a conſcience)
To reach it—— *Cat.* Is a good religious fool.
Caſ. A ſuperſtitious ſlave, and will die beaſt.
Good night. You know what *Craſſus* thinks, and I,
By this: Prepare you wings, as large as ſails,
To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
A ſerpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
Do's eat a bat: and ſo muſt you a *Conſul*,
That watches. What you do, do quickly *Sergius*.
You ſhall not ſtir for me. *Cat.* Excuſe me, lights there.
Caſ. By no means *Cat.* Stay then All good thoughts to *Ceſar*,
And like to *Craſſus*. *Caſ.* Mind but your friends counſels.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lecca.

OR, I will bear no mind. How now, *Aurelia?*
Are your confederates come? the Ladies? *Aur.* Yes,
Cat. And is *Semprovia* there? *Aur.* She is. *Cat* That's well.
She has a ſulphurous ſpirit, and will take
Lig htat a ſpark. Break with them, gentle love,
About the drawing as many of their husband,
Into the plot, as can: if not, to trid 'hem.
That'll be the eaſier practice, uno ſome,
Who have been tir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite
Their aids, for money: and their ſervants help,
In firing of the city, at that time
Shall be deſign'd. Promiſe 'hem ſtates, and empires,
And men, for lovers, made of better clay,
Than ever the old potter *Titan* knew.
Who's that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?
Lec. They are all here. *Cat.* Love, you have your inſtructions
Ile truſt you with the ſtuff you have to work on.
You'll form it? *Porcius*, fetch the ſilver eagle
I ga' you in charge. And pray 'hem they will enter.

Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Varguunteius, Longinus, Gabinius, Ceparius, Autronius, &c.

O, Friends, your faces glad me. This will be
Our laſt, I hope, of conſultation.
Cet. So it had need, *Cur.* We loſe occaſion, daily.
Cat. I, and our means: whereof one wounds me moſt,
That was the faireſt. *Piſo* is dead, in *Spain.*
Cet. As we are, here. *Lon.* And, as it is thought, by envy
Of *Pompey*'s followers. *Len.* He too's coming back,
Now, out of *Aſia.* *Cat.* Therefore, what we intend,
We muſt be-ſwift it. Take your ſeats, and hear.
I have, already, ſent *Septimius*
Into the *Picene* territory; and *Julius*,
To raiſe force, for us, in *Apulia*:
Manlius at *Feſulæ*, is (by this time) up,
With the old needy troops, that follow'd *Sylla*:
And all do but expect, when we will give
The blow at home. Behold this ſilver eagle,
'Twas *Marius* ſtandard, in the *Cimbrian* war,
Fatall to *Rome*; and, as our augures tell me,
Shall ſtill be ſo: for which one ominous cauſe,
I have kept it ſafe, and done it ſacred rites,
As to a god-head, in a chappel built
Of purpoſe to it. Pledg then all your hands,
To follow it, with vows of death, and ruine,
Struck ſilently, and home. So waters ſpeak
When they run deepeſt. Now's the time, this year,
The twenti'th from the firing of the *Capitol*,
As fatal too, to *Rome*, by all predictions:
And, in which, honor'd *Lentulus* muſt riſe
A King, if he purſue it. *Cur.* If he do not,
He is not worthy the great deſtiny.
Len. It is too great for me, but what the gods,
And their great loves decree me, I muſt not
Seem careleſs of. *Cat.* No, nor we envious.
We have enough beſide, all *Gallia*, *Belgia*.
Greece, *Spain*, and *Africk*. *Cur.* I, and *Aſia* too,
Now *Pompey* is returning. *Cat.* Nobleſt *Romances*,
Methinks our looks, are not ſo quick and high,
As they were wont. *Cur.* No? whoſe is not? *Cat.* We have
No anger in our eyes, no ſtorm, no lightning:
Our hate is ſpent, and fum'd away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work. I can accuſe
Not any one, but all of ſlackneſs. *Cet.* Yes,

And

And be your ſelf ſuch, while you do it. *Cat.* Ha?
'Tis ſharply anſwer'd, *Caius*. *Cet.* Truly, truly.
Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accus'd. Leave theſe untimely quarrels.
Cur. I would there were more *Romes* than one, to ruin. (natures,
Cet. More *Romes?* More worlds. *Cur.* Nay, then, more gods, and
If they took part. *Len.* When ſhall the time be firſt?
Cat. I think the *Saturnals*. *Cet.* 'Twill be too long.
Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a month.
Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off,
Now, were the fitteſt time. *Cat.* We ha'not laid
All things ſo ſafe, and ready. *Cet.* While we'are laying,
We ſhall all lye, and grow to earth. Would I
VVere nothing in it, if not now. Theſe things
They ſhould be done, e're thought. *Cat.* Nay, now your reaſon
Forſakes you, *Caius*. Think, but what commodity
That time will miniſter; the Cities cuſtome,
Of being, then, in mirth, and feaſt---*Len.* Loos'd whole
In pleaſure and ſecurity---*Aut.* Each houſe
Reſolv'd in freedom---*Cur.* Every ſlave a maſter---
Lon. And they too no mean aids---*Cur.* Made from their hope
Of liberty---*Len.* Or hate unto their lords.
Var. 'Tis ſure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt, and natural. *Len.* Nay, good *Cethegus*,
VVhy do your paſſions, now, diſturb our hopes?
Cet. VVhy do your hopes delude your certainties?
Cat. You muſt lend him his way. Think, for the order,
And proceſs of it. *Lon.* Yes, *Len.* *I* like not fire:
'Twill too much waſt my City. *Cat.* VVere it embers,
There will be wealth enough, rak't out of them,
To ſpring a new. *It* muſt be fire, or nothing.
Lon. VVhat elſe ſhould fright, or terrifie 'hem? *Var.* True,
In that confuſion, muſt be the chief ſlaughter.
Cur. Then we ſhall kill 'hem braveſt. *Cep.* *And* in heaps.
Aut. Strew ſacrifices, *Cur*, Make the earth an altar.
Lon. And *Rome* the fire. *Lec.* 'Twill be a noble night.
Var. *And* worth all *Sylla's* days. *Cur.* When husbands, wives,
Grandſires, and nephews, ſervants, and their lords,
Virgins, and prieſts, the infant, and the nurſe,
Go all to hell, together in a fleet.
Cat. I would have you, *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the charge o'the firing, which muſt be,
At a ſign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the City, at once:
The flax, and ſulphur, are already laid
In, at *Cethegus* houſe, So are the weapons.

Cabinius,

Gabinius, you, with other force ſhall ſtop
The pipes, and conduits: and kill thoſe that come
For water, *Cur.* What ſhall I do? *Cat.* All will have
Employment, fear not: Ply the Execution.
Cur. For that, truſt me, and *Ceshegus*. *Cat.* I will be
At hand, with the army, to meet thoſe that ſcape.
And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* houſe,
To ſeize his ſons alive: for they are they
Muſt make our peace with him. All elſe cut off,
As *Tarquine* did the poppy-heads; or mowers
A field of thiſtles; or elſe, up, as ploughes
Do barren lands; and ſtrike together flints,
And clods; th'ungratful *Senate*, and the people:
Till no rage, gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leapt her ſelf
Into the ſcale; but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noiſe of tempeſts,
The boyling of *Charybdis*, the ſeas wileneſs,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought, by your tranſcendent furies.
It had been done, e're this, had I been *Conſul*;
We had had no ſtop, no let. *Len.* How find you *Antonius*?
Cat. The other ha's wonne him, loſt: that *Cicero*
Was born to be my oppoſition,
And ſtands in all our ways. *Cur.* Remove him firſt.
Cet. May that, yet, be done ſooner? *Cat.* Would it were done.
Cur. Var. I'll do't. *Cet.* It is my province; none uſurpe it.
Len. What are your means? *Cet.* Enquire not. He ſhall dye.
Shall, was too ſlowly ſaid. He is dying. That
Is, yet, too ſlow. He is dead. *Cat.* Brave, only *Romane*,
Whoſe ſoul might be the worlds ſoul, were that dying;
Refuſe not, yet, the aids of theſe your friends.
Len. Here's *Vargunteius* holds goo: quarter with him.
Cat. And under the pretext of clientele,
And viſitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted. *Cet.* What is that to me
Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and ſafely.
Cet. Safe is your way, then; take it. Mine's mine own.
Cat Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perſwade,
The morning is the fitteſt time. *Lon.* The night
Will turn all into tumult *Len.* And perhaps
Miſſe of him too. *Cat.* Intreat, and conjure him,
In all our names——*Len.* By all our vows, and friendſhips.

Sempronia, Aurelia, Fulvia. [*To them.*

WHat! is our counſel broke up firſt? *Aur.* You ſay,
Women are greateſt talkers. *Sem.* We ha' done;

And

And are now fit for actions. *Lon.* Which is paſſion.
There's your beſt activity, Lady. *Sem.* How
Knows your wife fatneſs that? *Lon.* Your mothers daughter
Did teach me, madam. *Cet.* Come *Sempronia*, leave him:
He is a giber. And our preſent buſineſs
Is of more ſerious conſequence. *Aurelia.*
Tells me, you have done moſt maſculinely within,
And plaid the orator. *Sem.* But we muſt haſten
To our deſign as well, and execute:
Not hang ſtill, in the fever of an accident.
Cat. You ſay well, Lady. *Sem.* I do like our plot
Exceeding well, 'tis ſure; and we ſhall leave
Little to fortune, in it. *Cat.* Your banquet ſtays.
Aurelia, take her in. Where's *Fulvia?*
Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling. *Cur.* In good faith,
She's very ill, with ſitting up. *Sem.* Youl'd have her
Laugh, and lye down? *Ful.* No, faith, *Sempronia*,
I am not well: I'le take my leave, it draws
Toward the morning: *Curius* ſhall ſtay with you.
Madam, I pray you, pardon me, my health
I muſt reſpect. *Ant.* Farewell, good *Fulvia.*
Cur. Make haſt & bid him get his guards about him. { *Curi. whiſpers this to Fulvia.*
For *Vargunteius*, and *Cornelius*
Have undertain it, ſhould *Cethegus* miſs;
Their reaſon, that they think his open raſhneſs
Will ſuffer eaſier diſcovery,
Than their attempt, ſo vailed under friendſhip.
Ile bring you to your coach. Tell him, beſide,
Of *Cæſars* coming forth, here. *Cat.* My ſweet madam,
Will you be gone? *Ful.* I am, my Lord, in truth,
In ſome indiſpoſition. *Cat.* I do wiſh
You had all your health, ſweet Lady: *Lentulus*,
You'l do her ſervice. *Len.* To her coach, and duty.

Catiline.

WHat miniſters men muſt, for practice, uſe!
The raſh, th' ambitious, needy, deſperate,
Fooliſh, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of mankind,
To whores, and women! ſtill, it muſt be ſo,
Each have their proper place; and, in their rooms,
They are the beſt. Grooms fitteſt kindle fires,
Slaves carry burthens, Butchers are for ſlaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks for poiſons;
As theſe for me: dull, ſtup'd *Lentulus*,
My ſtale, with whom I ſtalk; the raſh *Cethegus*,
My Executioner; and fat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*,

Mr.

My Labourers, Pioners, and Incendiaries;
With these domestick Traytors, bosom Theeves,
Whom custome hath call'd wives; the readiest helps,
To betray heady husbands; rob the easie:
And lend the moneys, on returns of lust.
Shall *Catiline* not do, now, with these aids,
So sought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
Their labour but his profit? and make *Cæsar*
Repent his ventring counsels, to a spirit,
So much his Lord in mischief? when all these,
Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragons teeth,
Ruin each other; and he fall amongst 'hem:
With *Crassus*, *Pompey*, or who else appears,
But like, or near a great one. May my brain
Resolve to water, and my bloud turn phlegme,
My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,
And that b'inspired, of it self, to rip
My brest, for my lost entrails; when I leave
A soul, that will not serve: and who will, are
The same with slaves, such clay I dare not fear.
The cruelty, I mean to act, I wish
Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name;
Whil'st, after-rages do toil out themselves,
In thinking for the like, but do it less:
And, were the power of all the fiends let loose,
With fate to boot, it should be, still example.
VVhen, what the *Gaul*, or *Moor* could not effect,
Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of spight,
Shall be the work of one, and that my night.

Cicero, *Fulvia*, *Quintus*.

I Thank your vigilance. VVhere's my brother, *Quintus*?
Call all my servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,
And say it to your self, you are my savers;
But that's too little for you, you are *Romes*:
VVhat could I then, hope less? O brother! now,
The engines I told you of, are working;
The matchine'gin's to move. VVhere are your weapons?
Arm all my house-hold presently. And charge
The porter, he let no man in, till day.

Qui. Not clients, and your friend? *Cic*. They were those names,
That come to murther me. Yet send for *Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus*; those I dare trust:
And *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinius*, the *Prætors*,
By the back way. *Qui*. Take care, good brother *Marcus*,
Your fears be not form'd greater than they should;
And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.

Cic.

Cic. 'Tis brothers counſel, and worth thanks. But do
As Intreat you. I provide, not fear.
Was *Ceſar* there, ſay you? *Ful. Curius* ſays, he met him
Coming from thence. *Cic.* O, ſo. And, had you a counſel
Of ladies too? VVho was your ſpeaker, Madam?
Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her *greek* and *figures*;
And, ever and anone, would ask us, if
The witty *Conſul* could have mended that?
Or Orator *Cicero* could have ſaid it better?
Cic. She's my gentle enemy. VVould *Cethegus*
Had no more danger in him. But, my guards
Are you, great powers; and th'unbated ſtrengths
Of a firm conſcience, which ſhall arm each ſtep
Tane for the ſtate, and teach me ſlack no pace
For fear of malice. How now, brother? *Qui. Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus* were coming to you,
And *Craſſus* with 'hem. I have let 'hem in,
By th'garden. *Cic.* VVhat would *Craſſus* have? *Qui.* I hear
Some whiſpering 'bout the gate; and making doubt,
VVhether it be not yet too early, or no?
But I do think, they are your friends, and clients,
Are fearful to diſturb you. *Cic.* You will change
To'another thought anone. Ha'you giv'n the porter
The charge, I will'd you? *Qui.* Yes. *Cic.* VVithdraw, and hearken.

Vargunteius, Cornelius, Porter, Cicero,
Cato, Catulus, Craſſus.

THe dore's not open, yet. *Cor.* You were beſt to knock.
Var. Let them ſtand cloſe, then: And when we are in,
Ruſh after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus*? *Var.* He
Has left it, ſince he might not do't his way.
Por. VVho's there? *Van.* A friend, or more. *Por.* I may not let
Any man in, till day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy reaſon?
Por. I am commanded ſo. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope
VVe are not diſcover'd. *Var.* Yes, by revelation,
Pray thee good ſlave, who has commanded thee?
Por. He that may beſt, the *Conſul*. *Var.* VVe are his friends.
Por. All's one. *Cor.* Beſt give your name. *Var.* Do'ſt thou hear, fellow?
I have ſome inſtant buſineſs with the *Conſul*.
My name is *Vargunteius*. *Cic.* True, he knows it; } *Cicero ſpeaks to them from above.*
And for what friendly office you are ſent.
Cornelius, too, is there? *Var.* VVe are betraid.
Cic. And deſperate *Cethegus*, is he not?
Var. Speak you, he knows my voyce. *Cic.* VVhat ſay you to't?
Cor. You are deceiv'd, ſir. *Cic.* No, 'tis you are ſo;
Poor, miſ-led men. Your ſtates are yet worth pity,

If you would hear, and change your ſavage minds,
Leave to be mad; forſake your purpoſes
Of treaſon, rapine, murder, fire, and horror:
The commonwealth hath eyes, that wake as ſharply
Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.
Be not deceiv'd, to think her lenity
Will be perpetual; or, if men be wanting,
The gods will be, to ſuch a calling cauſe.
Conſider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble.
There ſhould thoſe ſpirits yet breath, that when they cannot
Live honeſtly, would rather periſh baſely.
Cato. You talk too much to 'hem, *Marcus*, they are loſt.
Go forth and apprehend 'hem. *Catu.* If you prove
This practice, what ſhould let the commonwealth
To take due vengeance? *Var.* Let us ſhift away.
The darkneſs hath conceal'd us, yet. We'l ſay
Some have abus'd our names. *Cor.* Deny it all.
Cato. Quintus, what guards ha' you? Call the *Tribunes* aid,
And raiſe the City. *Conſul*, you are too mild,
The foulneſs of ſome facts takes thence all mercy:
Report it to the *Senate*. Hear: The gods,
Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And muſt be yours, that guilty men eſcape not.
As crimes do grow, juſtice ſhould rouſe it ſelf.

It thunders, and lightens violently on the ſuddain.

Chorus.

WHat is it, heavens, you prepare
With ſo much ſwiftneſs and ſo ſuddain riſing?
There are no ſons of earth that dare,
Again, rebellion? or the gods ſurpriſing?
The world doth ſhake, and natures fears,
Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater
Within our minds, than in our ears:
So much Romes *faults (now grown her fate) do threat*
The prieſts, and people run about,
Each order, age, and ſex amaz'd at other;
And at the ports, all thronging out,
As if their ſafety were to quit their mother:
Yet find they the ſame dangers there,
From which they make ſuch haſt to be preſerved;
For guilty ſtates do ever bear
The plagues about them, which they have deſerved.
And, till thoſe plagues do get above

The

The mountain of our faults, and there do ſit;
We ſee'hem not. Thus, ſtill we love
The evil we do, until we ſuffer it.
But, moſt, ambition, that near vice
To vertue, hath the fate of Rome *provoked;*
And made, that now Rome's *ſelf no price,*
To free her from the death, wherewith ſhe's yoked.
That reſtleſs ill, that ſtill doth build
Upon ſucceſs; and ends not in aſpiring:
But there begins. And ne'r is fill'd,
While ought remains that ſeems but worth deſiring.
Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
To which things far, ſeem ſmaller than they are,
Deems all contentment plac'd on high:
And thinks there's nothing great, but what is far.
O, that in time, Rome *did not caſt*
Her errors up, this fortune to prevent;
T'have ſeen her crimes ere they were paſt:
And felt her faults, before her puniſhment.

Act IV.

Allobroges.

Divers Senators paſs by, quaking and trembling.

CAn theſe men fear? who are not only ours,
But the worlds maſters? Then I ſee, the gods
Upbraid our ſuffrings, or would humble them;
By ſending theſe affrights, while we are here:
That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
Whoſe names, we trembled at, beyond the *Alpes*,
Of all that paſs, I do not ſee a face
Worthy a man; that dares look up, and ſtand
One thunder out: but downward all, like beaſts,
Running away from every flaſh is made.
The falling world could not deſerve ſuch baſeneſs
Are we emploid here, by our miſeries,
Like ſuperſtitious fools (or rather ſlaves)
To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppreſſions,
To a meer clothed *Senate*, whom our folly
Hath made, and ſtill intends to keep our tyrannes?
It is our baſe petitionary breath
That blows'hem to this greatneſs; which this prick
Would ſoon let out, if we were bold, and wretched.
When they have taken all we have, our goods,

Crop, lands, and houſes, they will leave us this.
A weapon, and an arm will ſtill be found,
Though naked left, and lower than the ground.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

DO; urge thine anger, ſtill: good heaven, and juſt.
Tell guilty men, what powers are above them.
In ſuch a confidence of wickedneſs,
'Twas time, they ſhould know ſomething fit to fear.

Catu. I never ſaw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To *Catiline*, and his: But, to juſt men,
Though heaven would ſpeak, with all his wrath at once
That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
Did crack, we ſhould ſtand upright, and unfear'd.

Cic. Why, ſo we do, good *Cato*. Who be theſe?

Catu. Ambaſſadors, from the *Allobroges*,
I take them, by their habits. *All.* I, theſe men
Seem of another race; let's ſue to theſe,
There's hope of juſtice, with their fortitude.

Cic. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
We pray you to forbear us: on the morrow
What ſute you have, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(Whoſe patronage your ſtate doth uſe) but know it,
And, on the *Conſul's* word, you ſhall receive
Diſpatch, or elſe an anſwer, worth your patience.

All. We could not hope for more, moſt worthy *Conſul*.
This magiſtrate hath ſtruck an awe into me,
And, by his ſweetneſs, wonne a more reguard
Unto his place, than all the boyſtrous moods
That ignorant greatneſs practiſeth, to fill
The large, unfit authority it wears.
How eaſie is a nobleſt ſpirit diſcern'd
From harſh, and ſulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noiſe, and ſtinkes!
May we find good, and great men: that know how
To ſtoop to wants, and meet neceſſities,
And will not turn from any equal ſuits.
Such men, they do not ſuccour more the cauſe,
They undertake, with favour, and ſucceſs;
Then, by it, their own judgments they do raiſe,
In turning juſt mens needs, into their praiſe.

The Senate.

PRæ. Room for the *Conſuls*. Fathers, take your places;
Here, in the houſe of *Jupiter*, the *Stayer*,
By edict from the *Conſul*, *Marcus Tullius*.
You are met a frequent *Senate*. Hear him ſpeak.

Cic. What may be happy, and auſpicious ſtill

To

To Rome, and hers. Honor'd, and conſcript Fathers,
If I were ſilent, and that all the dangers
Threatning the ſtate, and you, were yet ſo hid
In night, or darkneſs thicker in their breſts,
That are the black contrivers; ſo, that no
Beam of the light could pierce 'hem: yet the voice
Of heav'n, this morning, hath ſpoke loud enough,
T'inſtruct you with a feeling of the horror;
And wake you from a ſleep, as ſtark, as death,
I have of late, ſpoke often in this *Senate*,
Touching this argument, but ſtill have wanted
Either your ears, or faith: ſo incredible
Their plots have ſeem'd, or I ſo vain, to make
Theſe things for mine own glory, and falſe greatneſs,
As hath been given out. But be it ſo.
When they break forth, and ſhall declare themſelves,
By their too foul effects, then, then, the envy
Of my juſt cares will find another name.
For me, I am but one: and this poor life,
So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet ſince,
They cannot with more eagerneſs purſue,
Than I with gladneſs would lay down, and loſe,
To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchaſe it.
But when I ſee, they'ld make it but the ſtep
To more, and greater; unto yours, *Romes*, all:
I would with thoſe preſerve it, or then fall.

Cæſ. I, I, let you alone, cunning artificer!
See, how his gorget peers above his gown;
To tell the people, in what danger he was.
It was abſurdly done of *Vargunteius*,
To name himſelf, before he was got in.

Cra. It matters not, ſo they deny it all:
And can but carry the lye conſtantly.
VVill *Catiline* be here? *Cæſ.* I have ſent for him.

Cra. And ha' you bid him to be confident?

Cæſ. To that his own neceſſity will prompt him.

Craſ. Seem to believe nothing at all, that *Cicero*
Relates us. *Cæſ.* It will mad him. *Cra.* O, and help
The other party. VVho is that? his Brother?
VVhat new intelligence ha's he brought him now?

Cæſ. Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him. (*Quintus Cicero bring in the Tribunes, & Guards.*)

Cic. Place ſome of them without, and ſome bring in.
Thank their kind loves. It is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their Countries cauſe.

Cæſ. How now, what means this muſter? *Conſul Antonius?*

Ant. I do not know, ask my colleague, he'll tell you.

There

There is ſome reaſon in ſtate, that I muſt yield to;
And I have promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the *Province*. *Cic.* I profeſs,
It grieves me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
To draw theſe Arms, and Aids for your defence;
And more, againſt a Citizen of *Rome*,
Born here amongſt you, a *Patrician*,
A man, I muſt confeſs, of no mean houſe,
Nor no ſmall vertue, if he had employ'd
Thoſe excellent gifts of fortune, and of nature,
Unto the good, not ruin of the State.
But, being bred in's Fathers needy fortunes,
Brought up in's Siſters proſtitution,
Confirm'd in civil ſlaughter, entring firſt
The Common wealth with murder of the Gentry;
Since, both by ſtudy and cuſtome, converſant
With all licentiouſneſs; what could he hop'd
In ſuch a Field of Riot, but a courſe
Extreme pernicious? Though, I muſt proteſt,
I found his miſchiefs, ſooner, with mine eyes,
Than with my thought; and with theſe hands of mine,
Before they touch'd, at my ſuſpicion.
Caſ. What are his miſchiefs, *Conſul?* you declame
Againſt his manners, and corrupt your owne:
No wiſe man ſhould, for hate of gulitie men,
Loſe his owne innocence. *Cic.* The noble *Caſar*
Speaks god-like truth. But, when he hears, I can
Convince him, by his manners, of his miſchiefs,
He might be ſilent: and not caſt away
His ſentences in vaine, where they ſcarce look
Toward his ſubject. *Cato.* Here he comes himſelf.
If he be worthy any good mans voyce,
That good man ſit down by him: *Cato* will not.
Catil. Catiline ſits down, & Cato riſes from him
Catil. If *Cato* leave him, I'le not keep aſide.
Cati. What face is this, the *Senate* here puts on,
Againſt me, *Fathers*? Give my modeſtie
Leave, to demand the cauſe of ſo much ſtrangeneſſe.
Caſ. It is reported here, you are the head
To a ſtrange faction, *Lucius*: *Cic.* I, and will
Be prov'd againſt him. *Cati.* Let it be. Why, *Conſul*,
If in the common-wealth, there be two bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a head;
The other ſtrong, and healthfull, but hath none:
If I doe give it one, doe I offend?
Reſtore your ſelves unto your temper, *Fathers*;
And without pertur bation, hear me ſpeak.

Remember

Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is, that oppoſes;
One, that hath exercis'd his eloquence,
Still to the bane of the nobilitie:
A boaſting, inſolent tongue-man. *Cato*. Peace, leud traytor,
Or waſh thy mouth. He is an honeſt man
And loves his countrey; would thou didſt ſo, too.
Cati. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him. *Cato*, No;
Thou art too impudent. *Catu*. *Catiline*, be ſilent.
Cati. Nay then, I eaſily fear, my juſt defence
Will come too late, to ſo much prejudice.
(*Caſ*. Will he ſit down?) *Cati*. Yet, let the world forſake me,
My innocence muſt not. *Cato*. Thou innocent?
So are the *Furies*. *Cic*. Yes, and *Ate*, too.
Do'ſt thou not bluſh, pernicious *Catiline*?
Or, hath the paleneſſe of thy guilt drunk up
Thy blood, and drawn thy veines, as drie of that,
As is thy heart of truth, thy breſt of vertue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuſe our patience?
Still ſhall thy furie mock us? To what licence
Dares thy unbridled boldneſſe runne it ſelf?
Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the palace,
The cities watches, with the peoples fears.
The concourſe of all good men, this ſo ſtrong
And fortified ſeat here of the *Senate*,
The preſent looks upon thee, ſtrike thee nothing?
Do'ſt thou not feel thy counſells all laid open?
And ſee thy wild conſpiracie bound in
With each mans knowledge? which of all this order
Canſt thou think ignorant (if they'll but utter
Their conſcience to the right) of what thou didſt
Laſt night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didſt call together, what your plots were?
O age, and manners! This the *Conſul*, ſees,
The *Senate* underſtands, yet this man lives!
Lives? I, and comes here into counſell with us;
Partakes the Publique cares: and with his eye
Marks, and points out each man of us to ſlaughter.
And we, good men doe ſatisfie the ſtate,
If we can ſhunne but this mans ſword, and madneſſe.
There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men
Would, with more ſharpe coercion, have reſtrain'd
A wicked citizen, then the deadlieſt foe.
We have that law ſtill, *Catiline*, for thee;
An Act as grave, as ſharpe: The St'ates not wanting:
Nor the authoritie of this *Senate*; we

We,

We, that are *Conſuls*, onely faile our ſelves.
This twenty dayes, the edge of that degree
We have let dull, and ruſt; kept it ſhut up,
As in a ſheath, which drawn ſhould take thy head.
Yet ſtill thou liv'ſt: and liv'ſt not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
I could deſire, *Fathers*, to be found
Still mercifull, to ſeeme, in theſe maine perills
Graſping the ſtate, a man remiſſe, and ſlack;
But then, I ſhould condemne my ſelf of ſloth,
And trecherie. Their campe's in *Italie*,
Pitch'd in the jawes, here, of *Hetruria*;
Their numbers daily increaſing, and their generall
Within our walls: nay, in our counſell! plotting
Hourely ſome fatall miſchief to the publique.
If, *Catiline*, I ſhould command thee, now,
Here, to be taken, kill'd; I make juſt doubt,
Whether all good men would not think it done
Rather too late, then any man too cruell.
Cato. Except he were of the ſame meal, and batch.
Cic. But that, which ought to have been done long ſince,
I will, and (for good reaſon) yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found
So loſt, ſo wicked, nay, ſo like thy ſelf.
But ſhall profeſſe, 'tis done of need, and right.
While there is one, that dares defend thee, live;
Thou ſhalt have leave; but ſo, as now thou liv'ſt:
Watch'd at a hand, beſieged, and oppreſt,
From working leaſt commotion to the ſtate.
I have thoſe eyes, and ears, ſhall ſtill keep guard,
And ſpy-all on thee, as they have ever done,
And thou not feel it. What, then, canſt thou hope?
If neither night can, with her darkneſſe, hide
Thy wicked meetings; nor a private houſe
Can, in her walls, containe the guiltie-whiſpers
Of thy conſpiracy: if all break out,
All be diſcovered, change thy mind at laſt,
And loſe thy thoughts of Ruine, flame, and ſlaughter.
Remember, how I told, here, to the *Senate*,
That ſuch a day, thy Lictor, *Caius Manlius*,
Would be in armes. Was I deceived, *Catiline*?
Or in the fact, or in the time? the hour?
I told too, in this *Senate*, that thy purpoſe
Was, on the fifth (the kalends of *November*)
T'have ſlaughter'd this whole order: which my caution
Made many leave the citie. Canſt thou here

Denie,

Denie, but this thy black deſign was hindred,
That very day, by me? thy ſelf cloſ'd in
Within my ſtrengths, ſo that thou could'ſt not more
Againſt a publique reed? when thou wert heard
To ſay, upon the parting of the reſt,
Thou would'ſt content thee, with the murder of us,
That did remaine. Had'ſt thou nor hope, beſide,
By a ſurprize, by night, to take *Preneſte*?
Where when thou cam'ſt, did'ſt thou not find the place
Made good againſt thee, with my aides, my watches?
My garriſons fortified it. Thou do'ſt nothing, *Segius*,
Thou canſt endeavour nothing, nay not think,
But *I* both ſee, and hear it; and am with thee,
By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
Call but to mind thy laſt nights buſineſſe. Come,
*I*le vſe no circumſtance: at *Lecca*'s houſe.
The ſhop, and mint of your conſpiracie.
Among your ſword-men, where ſo many aſſociates
Both of thy miſchief, and thy madneſſe, met.
Dar'ſt thou denie this? wherefore art thou ſilent?
Speak, and this ſhall convince thee: Here they are,
I ſee 'hem, in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
O, you immortall gods! in what clime are we?
What region do we live in? in what ayre?
What common-wealth, or ſtate is this we have?
Here, here, amongſt us, our own number, *Fathers*,
In this moſt holy counſell of the world,
They are, that ſeek the ſpoyle of me, of you,
Of ours, of all: what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the ſun, and find not their ambition.
Theſe I behold, being *Conſul*; nay, I aske
Their counſells of the ſtate, as from *Patriots*:
Whom it were fit the axe ſhould hew in pieces,
I not ſo much as woun', yet, with my voyce.
Thou waſt, laſt night, with *Lecca Catiline*,
Your ſhares, of *Italie*, you there divided;
Appointed who, and whither each ſhould goe;
What men ſhould ſtay behind, in *Rome*, were choſen;
Your offices ſet downe; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the citie, for the fire;
Thy ſelf (thou affirmd'ſt) waſt ready to depart,
Onely, a little let there was, that ſtay'd thee,
That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, ſtept forth
Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
Two under-took this morning, before day,
To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,—

Your convent ſcarce diſmiſs'd, arm'd all my ſervants,
Call'd both my brother, and friends, ſhut out your clients,
You ſent to viſit me; whoſe names I told
To ſome there, of good place, before they came.
Cato. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirme it.
Caſ. He's loſt, and gon. His ſpirits have forſook him.
Cic. If this be ſo, why, *Catiline*, do'ſt thou ſtay?
Goe, where thou mean'it. The ports are open; forth.
The campe abroad wants thee, their chief, too long.
Lead with thee all thy troups out. Purge the citie.
Draw drie that noyſome, and pernicious ſink,
Which left, behind thee, would infect the world.
Thou wilt free me of all my feares, at once,
To ſee a wall between us. Do'ſt thou ſtop
To doe that now, commanded; which before,
Of thine own choice, thou'rt prone to? Goe. The *Conſul*
Bids thee, an enemie, to depart the citie.
Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid
Thee that. But aske my counſell, I perſwade it.
What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a ſoul, without thine own foul knot,
But feares, and hates thee. What domeſtick note
Of private filthineſs, but is burnt in
Into thy life? What cloſe, and ſecret ſhame,
But is grown one, with thy known infamy?
What luſt was ever abſent from thine eyes?
What leud fact from thy hands? what wickedneſſe
From thy whole body? where's that youth drawn in
Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,
Before whoſe rage, thou haſt not borne a ſword,
And to whoſe luſts thou haſt not held a torch?
Thy latter nuptialls I let paſſe in ſilence;
Where ſins incredible, on ſins, were heap't;
Which I not name, leſt, in a civill ſtate,
So monſtruous facts ſhould either appear to be,
Or not to be reveng'd. Thy fortunes, too,
I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.
I come to that which is more known, more publike,
The life, and ſafetie of us all, by thee
Threatned, and ſought. Stood'it thou not in the field,
When *Lepidus*, and *Tullus* were our *Conſuls*,
Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their lives, and our chief citizens?
When, not thy fear, nor conſcience chang'd thy mind,
But the meer fortune of the common-wealth
Withſtood thy active malice? Speak but right

How-

How often haſt thou made attempt on me?
How many of thy aſſaults have I declin'd
VVith ſhifting but my body, (as weel'd ſay)
VVreſted thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?
How often hath it faln, or ſlip't by chance?
Yet, can thy ſide not want it: which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites, 'tis ſacred of thee, I know not,
That ſtill thou mak'ſt it a neceſſity,
To fix it in the body of a *Conſul*.
But let me looſe this way, and ſpeak to thee,
Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,
But pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cat. No more then unto *Tantalus*, or *Tityus*.

Cic. Thou cam'ſt, e're while, into this *Senate*. VVho
Of ſuch a frequency, ſo many friends,
And kindred thou haſt here, ſaluted thee?
VVere not the ſeats made bare, upon thy entrance?
Riſs' not the conſular men? and left their places,
So ſoon as thou ſat'ſt down? and fled thy ſide,
Like to a plague, or ruine? knowing, how oft
They had been, by thee, mark'd out for the ſhambles?
How doſt thou bear this? Surely, if my ſlaves
At home fear'd me with half th'affright and horror,
That, here, thy fellow-citizens do thee,
I ſhould ſoon quit my houſe, and think it need too.
Yet thou dar'ſt tarry here? Go forth, at laſt;
Condemn thy ſelf to flight, and ſolitude.
Diſcharge the Commonwealth, of her deep fear.
Go; into baniſhment, if thou thou wait'ſt the word.
VVhy doſt thou look? They all conſent unto it.
Do'ſt thou expect th' authority of their voices,
VVhoſe ſilent wills condemn thee? VVhile they ſit,
They approve it; while they ſuffer it, they decree it;
And while they are ſilent to it, they proclaim it.
Prove thou there honeſt, I'le endure the envy.
But there's no thought thou ſhould'ſt be ever he,
VVhom either ſhame ſhould call from filthineſs,
Terrour from danger, or diſcourſe from fury.
Go; I intreat thee: yet, why do I ſo?
VVhen I already know, they're ſent afore,
That tarry for thee in Arms, and do expect thee
On th' *Aurelian* way. I know the day
Set down, 'twixt thee, and *Manlius*; unto whom
The ſilver eagle too is ſent before?
VVhich I do hope ſhall prove to thee as banefull,
As thou conceiv'ſt it to the commonwealth.

But, may this wiſe, and ſacred *Senate* ſay,
What mean'ſt thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'ſt
That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be chief
Of an inteſtine war; that he is the author
Of ſuch a wickedneſs: the caller out
O' men of mark in miſchief, to an action
Of ſo much horrour; prince of ſuch treaſon;
Why do'ſt thou ſend him forth? why let him ſcape?
This is, to give him liberty, and power:
Rather, thou ſhould'ſt lay hold upon him, ſend him
To deſerv'd death, and a juſt puniſhment.
To theſe ſo holy voices, thus I anſwer,
If I did think it timely, *Conſcript Fathers*,
To puniſh him with death, I would not give
The Fencer uſe of one ſhort hour, to breath;
But when there are in this grave order, ſome,
Who, with ſoft cenſures, ſtill do nurſe his hopes;
Some, that with not believing, have confirm'd
His deſigns more, and whoſe authority
The weaker, as the wor'l men too have follow'd:
I would now ſend him, where they all ſhould ſee
Clear, as the light, his heart ſhine; where no man
Could be ſo wickedly, or fondly ſtupid,
But ſhould cry out, he ſaw, toucht, felt, and graſpt it,
Then, when he hath run out himſelf; led forth
His deſp'rate party with him; blown together
Aids of all kinds, both ſhipwrack'd minds and fortunes:
Not onely the grown evil, that now is ſprung,
And ſprouted forth, would be pluck'd up, and weeded;
But the ſtock, root, and ſeed of all the miſchiefs,
Choaking the Commonwealth, Where ſhould we take,
Of ſuch a ſwarm of traytors, onely him.
Our cares and fears might ſeem a while reliev'd,
But the main peril would bide ſtill enclos'd
Deep, in the veins and bowels of the ſtate.
As humane bodies, labouring with fevers,
While they are toſt with heat, if they do take
Cold water, ſeem for that ſhort ſpace much eas'd;
But afterward, are ten times more afflicted.
Wherefore, I ſay, let all this wicked crew
Depart, divide themſelves from good men, gather
Their forces to one head; as I ſaid oft,
Let 'hem be ſever'd from us with a wall;
Let 'hem leave off attempts, upon the *Conſul*,
In his own houſe; to circle in the *Prætor*;
To girt the Court with weapons; to prepare

Fire,

Fire, and balls, ſwords, torches, ſulphure, brands:
In ſhort, let it be writ in each mans forehead
What thoughts he bears the publick. I here promiſe,
Fathers Conſcript, to you, and to my ſelf,
That diligence in us *Conſuls*, for my honour'd
Colleague, abroad, and for my ſelf, at home;
So great authority in you; ſo much
Vertue, in theſe, the Gentlemen of *Rome*.
Whom I could ſcarce reſtrain to day, in zeal,
From ſeeking out the parricide, to ſlaughter;
So much conſent in all good men, and minds,
As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
All ſhall be clear, made plain, oppreſs'd, reveng'd.
And, with this *omen*, go, pernicious plague,
Out of the city, to the wiſh'd deſtruction
Of thee, and thoſe, that to the ruine of her,
Have tane that bloudy and black ſacrament.
Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *Stayer*,
Both of this City, and this Empire, wilt
(With the ſame auſpice thou didſt raiſe it firſt)
Drive from thy alters, and all other temples,
And buildings of this City; from our walls;
Lives, ſtates, and fortunes of our citizens;
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all th' offence of good men (theſe known traytors.
Unto their countrey, thieves of *Italy*,
John'd in ſo damn'd a league of miſchief) thou
Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive, and dead,
Puniſh for *Rome*, and ſave her innocent head.

Cati. If an oration, or high language, *Fathers*,
Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it:
H'has ſtrove to emulate this mornings thunder,
With his prodigious rhetorick. But I hope,
This *Senate* is more grave, then to give credit
Raſhly to all he vomits, 'gainſt a man
Of your own order, a *Patrician*;
And one, whoſe anceſtors have more deſerv'd
Of *Rome*, than this mans eloquence could utter,
Turn'd the beſt way: as ſtill, it is the worſt.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deſerv'd to day,
Speaking thy ill, then all thy anceſtors
Did, in their good: and that the State will find;
Which he hath ſav'd. *Cati.* How, he? were I that enemy,
That he would make me: I'de not wiſh the State
More wretched, then to need his perſervation.
What do you make him, *Cato*, ſuch a *Hercules*?

An

An *Atlas*? A poor petty in-mate! *Cato.* Traytor.
Cati. He ſave the ſtate? A Burgeſs ſon of *Arpinum*,
The gods would rather twenty *Romes* ſhould periſh,
Then have that contumely ſtuck upon 'hem.
That he ſhould ſhare with them, in the preſerving
A ſhed, or ſign-poſt. *Cato.* Peace, thou prodigie.
Cati. They would be fotc'd themſelves, again, and loſt
In the firſt, rude, and indigeſted heap,
E're ſuch a wretched name, as *Cicero*,
Should ſound with theirs. *Catu.* Away, thou impudent head.
Cati. Do you all back him? are you ſilent too?
Well, I will leave you, *Fathers*; I will go.
But---my fine dainty ſpeaker---*Cic.* What now, *Fury?* (*He turns*
Wilt thou aſſault me here? (*Cho.* Help, aid the *Conſul.*) (*ſuddenly*
Cati. See, *Fathers*, laugh you not? who threatned him? (*to Cicero*
In vain thou do'ſt conceive, ambitious oratour,
Hope of ſo brave a death, as by his hand.
(*Cato.* Out of the Court with the pernicious traytor)
Cati. There is no title, that this flattering *Senate*,
Nor honour, the baſe multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy *Catilines* anger. (*Cato.* Stop.
Stop that portentous mouth.) *Cati.* Or, when it ſhall,
I'le look thee dead. *Cato.* Will none reſtrain the monſter?
Catu. Parricide. *Qui.* Butcher, traytor, leave the *Senate*.
Cati. I am gone, to baniſhment, to pleaſe you, *Fathers*.
Thruſt head-long forth? *Cato.* Still, do'ſt thou murmure, monſter?
Cati. Since I am thus put out, and made a----*Cic.* What?
Catu. Not guiltier then thou art. *Cati.* I will not burn
Without my funeral pile. *Cato*, What ſays the fiend?
Cati. I will have matter, timber. *Cato.* Sing out ſcreech-owl.
Cati. It ſhall be in---*Catu.* Speak thy imperfect thoughts.
Cati. The common fire, rather then mine own.
For fall I will with all, e're fall alone.
Cra. H'is loſt, there is no hope of him. *Caſ.* Unleſs
He preſently take arms, and give a blow,
Before the *Conſuls* forces can be levy'd.
Cic. What is your pleaſure, *Fathers*, ſhall be done?
Catu. See, that the commonwealth receive no loſs.
Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the *Conſuls*. (*Senate*
Cra. 'Tis time. *Caſ.* And need. *Cic.* Thanks to this frequent
But what decree they, unto *Curius*,
And *Fulvia*. *Catu.* What the *Conſul* ſhall think meet.
Cic. They muſt receive reward, though t be not known.
Leſt when a State needs miniſters, they ha'none.
Cato. Yet *Marcus Tullius*, do not I believe,
But *Craſſus*, and this *Ceſar* here ring hollow.

Cic.

Cic. And would appear ſo, if that we durſt prove 'hem.
Cato. Why dare we not? What honeſt act is that,
The *Roman Senate* ſhould not dare, and do?
Cic. Not an unprofitable, dangerous act,
To ſtir too many ſerpents up at once.
Caſar, and *Craſſus*, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones; and, we muſt ſo provide,
That, while we take one head, from this foul *Hydra*,
There ſpring not twenty more. *Cato.* I' prove your counſel
Cic. They ſhall be watch'd, and look'd to. Till they do
Declare themſelves, I will not put 'hem out
By any queſtion. There they ſtand. I'le make
My ſelf no enemies, nor the State no traytor.

Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinius, Longinus, Statilius.

FAlſe to our ſelves? All our deſigns diſcover'd
To this State-cat? *Cet.* I, had I had my way,
He' had mew'd in flames, at home, not i'the *Senate*:
I had ſing'd his furres, by this time. *Cat.* Well, there's, now,
No time of calling back, or ſtanding ſtill.
Friends, be your ſelves; keep the ſame *Roman* hearts,
And ready minds, you'had yeſternight. Prepare
To execute, what we reſolv'd. And let not
Labour, or danger, or diſcovery fright you.
Ile to the army: (you the while) mature
Things, here, at home. Draw to you any aids,
That you think fit, of men of all conditions,
Or any fortunes, that may help a war.
Ile bleed a life, or win an empire for you.
Within theſe few days, look to ſee my enſigns,
Here, at the walls: Be you but firm within.
Mean time, to draw an envy on the *Conſul*,
And give a leſs ſuſpicion of our courſe,
Let it be given out, here in the city,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile,
Into *Maſſilia*, willing to give way
To fortune, and the times; being unable
To ſtand ſo great a faction, without troubling
The Commonwealth: whoſe peace I rather ſeek,
Than all the glory of contention,
Or the ſupport of mine own innocence.
Farewell the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the reſt; and thou, my better Genius,
The brave *Cethegus*: when we meet again,
We'll ſacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge.

That

That we may praiſe our hands once. *Len.* O, you *Fates*,
Give *Fortune* now her eyes, to ſee with whom
She goes along, that ſhe may ne're forſake him.
Cur. He needs not her, nor them. Go but on, *Sergius*.
A valiant man is his own fate, and fortune.
Lon. The fate, and fortune of us all go with him.
Gab. Sta. And ever guard him. *Cat.* I am all your creature.
Len. Now friends, 'tis left with us. I have already
Dealt, by *Umbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,
Here reſiant in *Rome*; whoſe ſtate, I hear,
Is diſcontent with the great uſuries,
They are oppreſs'd with: and have made complaints
Divers unto the *Senate*, but all vain.
Theſe men, I'ave thought (both for their own oppreſſions,
As alſo that, by nature they're a people
Warlike, and fierce, ſtill watching after change,
And now in preſent hatred with our ſtate)
The fitteſt, and the eaſieſt to be drawn
To our ſociety, and to aid the war.
The rather, for their ſeat; being next bord'rers
On *Italy*; and that they abound with horſe:
Of which one want our camp doth onely labour.
And I have found 'hem coming. They will meet
Soon, at *Sempronia's* houſe, where I would pray you
All to be preſent, to confirm 'hem more.
The ſight of ſuch ſpirits hurt not, nor the ſtore.
Gab. I will not fail. *Sta.* Nor I. *Cur.* Nor I. *Cet.* Would I
Had ſomewhat to my ſelf, a part, to do.
I ha' no Genius to theſe many counſels.
Let me kill all the *Senate*, for my ſhare,
I'le do it at next ſitting. *Len.* Worthy *Caius*,
Your preſence will add much. *Cet.* I ſhall mar more.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

THe State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care: And thoſe *Allobroges*
Are more then wretched, if they lend a liſt'ning
To ſuch perſwaſion. *San.* They, moſt worthy *Conſul*,
As men employ'd here, from a grieved ſtate,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was ſmall hope of eaſe
To be expected, to their evils, from hence,
Were willing, at the firſt to give an ear
To any thing, that ſounded liberty:
But ſince, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reaſons,
They're come about, and won, to the true ſide.
The fortune of the commonwealth hath conquer'd.

Cic.

Cic. What is that ſame *Umbrenus*, was the agent?
San. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and known unto their ſtate.
Cic. Are th'embaſſadors come with you? *San.* Yes.
Cic. Well, bring 'hem in, if they be firm and honeſt.
Never had men the means to deſerve
Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wiſh'd occaſion,
And thruſt into my hands, for the diſcovery,
And manifeſt conviction of theſe traytors.
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*, My worthy lords, { *The Allebroges*
Confederates of the *Senate*, you are welcome. { *enter.*
I underſtand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
Your careful patron here, you have been lately
Sollicited againſt the commonwealth,
By one *Umbrenus* (take a ſeat I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be aſſociates
In their intended war. I cloud adviſe,
That men, whoſe fortunes are yet flouriſhing,
And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a cauſe,
Become her enemies; and mix themſelves
And their eſtates, with the loſt hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whoſe meer deſpair doth arm 'hem:
That were to hazard certainties, for air,
And undergo all danger, for a voice.
Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the eaſineſs, that they are rais'd.
All may begin a war, but few can end it.
The *Senate* have decreed, that my colleague
Shall lead their army, againſt *Catiline*;
And have declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traytors,
Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promis'd
To all, will quit them; and rewards propos'd
Even to ſlaves, that can detect their courſes.
Here, in the city, I have by the *Prators*,
And *Tribunes*, placed my guards, and watches ſo,
That not a foot can tread, a breath can whiſper,
But I have knowledge. And be ſure, the *Senate*,
And people of *Rome*, of their accuſtomed greatneſs,
Will ſharply, and ſeverely vindicate,
Not onely any fact, but any practice,
Or purpoſe, againſt the ſtate. Therefore, my lords,
Conſult of your own ways, and think which hand
Is beſt to take. You, now, are preſent ſuiters
For ſome redreſs of wrongs; I'le undertake

Not onely that ſhall be aſſur'd you: but
What grace, or priviledge elſe, *Senate*, or people,
Can caſt upon you, worthy ſuch a ſervice,
As you have now the way, and means, to do 'hem,
If but your wills conſent with my deſigns.
All. We covet nothing more, moſt worthy *Conſul*.
And how ſo e're we have been tempted lately,
To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
We are not yet ſo wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills ſo loſt, as to abandon
A friendſhip, prodigally, of that price,
As is the *Senate*, and the people of *Romes*,
For hopes, that do precipitate themſelves.
Cic. You then are wiſe and honeſt. Do but this, then:
(When ſhall you ſpeak with *Lentulus*, and the reſt?
All. We are to meet anon, at *Brutus* houſe.
Cic. Who? *Decius Brutus?* He is not in *Rome*.
Sam. O but his wife *Sempronia*. *Cic.* You inſtruct me,
She is a chief.) Well, fail not you to meet 'hem,
And to expreſs the beſt affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth,
And *Senate* loſt to 'hem. Promiſe any aids
By arms, or counſel. What they can deſire,
I would have you prevent. Onely, ſay this,
You have had diſpatch, in private, by the *Conſul*,
Of your affairs, and for the many fears
The ſtate's now in, you are will'd by him, this evening,
To depart *Rome*: which you, by all ſought meanes,
Will do, of reaſon to decline ſuſpicion.
Now for the more authority of the buſineſs,
They have truſted to you, and to give it credit
With your own ſtate at home, you would deſire
Their letters to your *Senate*, and your people,
Which ſhown, you durſt engage both life, and honor,
The reſt ſhould every way anſwer their hopes.
Thoſe had, pretend ſudden departure, you,
And, as you give me notice, at what port
You will go out, I'le ha' you intercepted,
And all the letters taken with you: So
As you ſhall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they convicted of their manifeſt treaſon.
Ill deeds are well turned back, upon their authors:
And 'gainſt an injurer, the revenge is juſt.
This muſt be done, now. *All.* Cheerfully, and firmly.
We are they, would rather haſt to undertake it,

Then

Then ſtay to ſay ſo. *Cic.* VVith that confidence, go:
Make your ſelves happy, while you make *Rome* ſo.
By *Sanga*, let me have notice from you. *All.* Yes.

Sempronia, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, Longinus, Volturtius, Allobroges.

WHen come theſe creatures, the Ambaſſadors?
I would fain ſee 'hem. Are they any ſchollers?
Len. I think not, madam. *Sem.* Ha'they no *greek*? *Len.* No ſurely.
Sem. Fie, what do I here, waiting on 'hem then?
If they be nothing but meer ſtates-men. *Len.* Yes,
Your ladyſhip ſhall obſerve their gravity,
And their reſervedneſs, their many cautions,
Fitting their perſons. *Sem.* I do wonder much,
That ſtates and commonwealths employ not women,
To be Ambaſſadours, ſometimes we ſhould
Do as good publick ſervice, and could make
As honourable ſpies (for ſo *Thucidides*.
Calls all Ambaſſadours.) Are they come, *Cethegus?*
Cet. Do you ask me? Am I your ſcout, or bawd?
Len. O *Caius*, it is no ſuch buſineſs. *Cet.* No?
What do's a woman at it then? *Sem.* Good ſir,
There are of us can be as exquiſite traytors,
As e're a male-conſpiratour of you all.
Cet. I, at ſmock-treaſon, matron, I believe you,
And if I were your husband; but when I
Truſt to your cobweb-boſoms any other
Let me there die a flie, and feaſt you, ſpider.
Len. You are too ſowre, and harſh *Cethegus*. *Cet.* You
Are kind, and courtly. I'de be torn in pieces,
With wild *Hippolytus*, nay prove the death,
Every limb over, e're I'de truſt a woman,
With wind, could I retain it. *Sem.* Sir, they'l be truſted
With as good ſecrets, yet, as you have any:
And carry 'hem too, as cloſe, and as conceal'd
As you ſhall for your heart. *Cet.* I'le not contend with you
Either in tongue, or carriage, good *Calipſo*.
Lon. Th'ambaſſadours are come, *Cet.* Thanks to thee *Mercury*,
That ſo haſt reſcu'd me. *Len.* How now, *Volturtius?*
Vol. They do deſire ſome ſpeech with you, in private.
Len. O! 'tis about the propheſie, belike;
And promiſe of the *Sybills*. *Gab.* It may be.
Sem. Shun they, to treat with me, too. *Gab.* No, good lady
You may partake: I have told 'hem, who you are.
Sem. I ſhould be loath to be left out, and here too.
Cet. Can theſe, or ſuch, be any aids, to us?
Look they, as they were built to ſhake the world,

Or be a moment, to our enterprize?
A thouſand, ſuch as they are could not make
One atome of our ſouls. They ſhould be men
Worth heavens fear, that looking up, but thus,
Would make *Jove* ſtand upon his guard, and draw
Himſelf within his thunder; which, amaz'd,
He ſhould diſcharge in vain, and they unhurt.
Or, if they were, like *Capaneus*, at *Thebes*,
They ſhould hang dead, upon the higheſt ſpires,
And ask the ſecond bolt to be thrown down.
Why *Lentulus*, talk you ſo long? This time
Had been enough, t'have ſcatter'd all the ſtars,
T'have quenched the ſun, and moon, and made the world
Deſpair of day, or any light, but ours.
Len. How do you like this ſpirit? In ſuch men,
Mankind doth live. They are ſuch ſouls, as theſe,
That move the world. *Sem.* I, though he bear me hard;
I, yet, muſt do him right. He is a ſpirit
Of the right *Martian* breed. *All.* He is a *Mars*.
Would we had time to live here, and admire him.
Len. Well, I do ſee you would prevent the *Conſul*.
And I commend your care: It was but reaſon,
To ask our letters, and we had prepar'd them.
Go in, and we will take an oath, and ſeal 'hem.
You ſhall have letters too, to *Catiline*
To viſit him i'th' way, and to confirm
The aſſociation. This our friend, *Volturtius*,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great Generall,
That we are ready here; that *Lucius Beſtia*
The *Tribune*, is provided of a ſpeech,
To lay the envy of the war on *Cicero*;
That all but long for his approach, and perſon:
And then, you are made free-men, as our ſelves.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pomtinius, Sanga.

I Cannot fear the war, but to ſucceed well,
Both for the honour of the cauſe, and worth
Of him that doth command. For my colleague,
Being ſo ill affected with the gout,
Will not be able to be there in perſon;
And then *Petreius*, his lieutenant, muſt
Of need take charge o'the army: who is much
The better ſouldier, having been a *Tribune*,
Prefect, *Lieutenant*, *Prætor* into the war
Theſe thirty years, ſo converſant i'the army,
As he knows all the ſouldiers, by their names.
Fla. They'l fight then, bravely, with him. *Pom.* I, and he

Will

Will lead 'hem on as bravely. *Cic.* They have a foe
Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
Will arm him like a fury. But, however,
I'le trust it to the manage. and the fortune
Of good *Petreius*, who's a worthy patriot:
Metellus Celer, with three legions, too,
Will stop their course, for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?
San. The train hath taken. You must instantly
Dispose your guards upon the *Milvian* bridge:
For, by that way, they mean to come. *Cic.* Then thither
Pomtinius, and *Flaccus*, I must pray you
To lead that force you have, and seize them all:
Let not a person scape. Th' Ambassadors
Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
I'le send you aid. I, in mean time will call
Lentulus to me, *Gabinius*, and *Cethegus*,
Statilius, *Ceparius*; and all these,
By sev'ral messengers: who no doubt will come,
Without sense, or suspicion. Prodigal men
Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have 'hem,
I'le place those guards, upon 'hem, that they start not.
San. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*? *Cic.* A states anger
Should not take knowledge either of fools, or women.
I do not know, whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater; that I have discover'd
So foul a treason: or must undergo
The envy of so many great mens fate.
But, happen what there can, I will be just,
My fortune may forsake me, not my vertue:
That shall go with me, and before me, still,
And glad me, doing well, though I hear ill.

Prators, Allobroges, Volturtius.

Fla. Stand, who goes there? *All.* We are th' *Allobroges*
And friends of *Rome*. *Pom.* If you be so, then yield
Your selves unto the *Prators*, who in name
Of the whole *Senate*, and the people of *Rome*,
Yet, till you clear your selves, charge you of practice
Against the State. *Vol.* Die friends, and be not taken.
Fla. What voice is that? Down with 'hem all. *All.* We yield.
Pom. What's he stands out? Kill him there. *Vol.* Hold, hold, hold.
I yield upon conditions. *Fla.* We give none
To traytors, strike him down: *Vol.* My name's *Volturtius*.
I know *Pomtinius*. *Pom.* But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these trayterous terms.
Vol. I'le yield upon the safety of my life.
Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.

Vol. Promiſe to do your beſt. I am not ſo guilty,
As many others, I can name; and will:
If you will grant me favour. *Pont.* All we can
Is to deliver you to the Conſul: Take him,
And thank the gods, that thus have ſaved *Rome*.

Chorus.

NOw do our ears, before our eyes,
Like men in miſts,
Diſcover, who'ld the State ſurprize.
And who reſiſts?
And as theſe clouds do yield to light,
Now, do we ſee,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which ſeem'd t'agree?
Of what ſtrange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But, as new ayres our ears invade,
Still cenſure ſo?
That now do hope, and now do fear,
And now envy;
And then do hate, and then love dear,
But know not why:
Or, if we do, it is ſo late,
As our beſt mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.
How have we chang'd, and come about
In every doom,
Since wicked Catiline *went out,*
And quitted Rome?
One while, we thought him innocent;
And, then, we accus'd
The Conſul, *for his malice ſpent;*
And power abus'd.
Since, that we hear, he is in arms,
We think not ſo:
Yet charge the Conſul, *with our harms,*
That let him go.
So on the cenſure of the State,
We ſtill do wander;
And make the careful magiſtrate
The mark of ſlander.
What age is this, where honeſt men,
Plac'd at the helm,

A ſea of ſome foul mouth, or pen,
Shall overwhelm?
And call their diligence, deceipt;
Their vertue, vice;
Their Watchfulneſs, but lying in wait;
And bloud, the price.
O let us pluck this evil ſeed
Out of our ſpirits;
And give to every noble deed,
The name it merits.
Leſt we ſeem faln (if this endures)
Into thoſe times,
To love diſeaſe: and brook the cures
Worſe, then the crimes.

Act V.

Petreius. (*The army.*

IT is my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy *Conſul*
Kept from the honour of it, by diſeaſe:
And I am proud to have ſo brave a cauſe
To exerciſe your arms in. We not, now,
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th' extent, and bounds o'th' people of *Rome* ſhall be;
But to retain what our great anceſtors,
With all their labours, counſels, arts, and actions,
For us were purchaſing ſo many years.
The quarrel is not, now, of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
For which, the army of the people of *Rome*
Was wont to move: but for your own republique,
For the rais'd temples of th' immortal gods,
For the dear ſouls of your lov'd wives, and children,
Your parents tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
And, briefly, for the ſafety of the world:
Againſt ſuch men, as onely by their crimes
Are known; thruſt out by ryot, want, or raſhneſs.
One ſort, *Sylla's* old troops, left here in *Feſula*,
Who ſuddenly made rich, in thoſe dire times,
Are ſince, by their unbounded vaſte expence,
Grown needy, and poor: and have but left t' expect,
From *Catiline*, new bills, and new proſcriptions.

Theſe

Theſe men (they ſay) are valiant, yet, I think 'hem
Not worth your pauſe: For either their old vertue
Is, in their ſloth, and pleaſures loſt; or, if
It tarry with 'hem, ſo ill match to yours,
As they are ſhort in number, or in cauſe.
The ſecond ſort are of thoſe (city-beaſts,
Rather then citizens) who whilſt they reach
After our fortunes, have let flie their own;
Theſe, whelm'd in wine, ſwell'd up with meats, and weakned
With hourly whoredoms, never leſt the ſide
Of *Catiline*, in *Rome*; nor, here, are loos'd
From his embraces: ſuch as (truſt me) never
In riding, or in uſing well their arms,
Watching, or other military labour,
Did exerciſe their youth; but learn'd to love,
Drink, dance, and ſing, make feaſts, and be fine gameſters:
And theſe will wiſh more hurt to you, then they bring you.
The reſt are a mixt kind, all ſorts of furies,
Adulterers, dicers, fencers, out-laws, thieves,
The murderers of their parents, all the ſink,
And plague of *Italy* met in one torrent,
To take, to day, from us the puniſhment,
Due to their miſchiefs, for ſo many years.
And who, in ſuch a cauſe, and 'gainſt ſuch fiends,
VVould not now wiſh himſelf all arm, and weapon?
To cut ſuch poyſons from the earth, and let
Their bloud out, to be drawn away in clouds,
And pour'd, on ſome inhabitable place,
VVhere the hot ſun, and ſlime breeds nought but monſters?
Chiefly, when this ſure joy ſhall crown our ſide,
That the leaſt man, that falls upon our party
This day (as ſome muſt give their happy names
To fate, and that eternal memory
Of the beſt death, writ with it, for their countrey)
Shall wake at pleaſure, in the tents of reſt;
And ſee far off, beneath him, all their hoſt
Tormented after life: and *Catiline*, there,
VValking a wretched, and leſs ghoſt, then he.
I'le urge no more: move forward, with your eagles,
And truſt the *Senates*, and *Romes* cauſe to heaven.

Arm. To thee, great father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

Ceſar, *Craſſus*.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*
When *Catiline* was gone. *Cra.* I gave 'hem loſt,
Many days ſince. *Ceſ.* But wherefore did you bear
Their letter to the *Conſuls*, that they ſent you,

To

To warn you from the city? *Cra.* Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For ought I could aſſure me: if they meant,
I ſhould be ſafe, among ſo many, they might
Have come, as well as writ. *Caſ.* There is no loſs
In being ſecure. I have, of late, too, ply'd him
Thick, with intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before. *Cra.* A little ſerves
To keep a man upright, on theſe ſtate-bridges,
Although the paſſage were more dangerous.
Let us now take the ſtanding part. *Caſ.* We muſt,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato.* Yet
I would fain help theſe wretched men. *Cra.* You cannot.
Who would ſave them, that have betraid themſelves?

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

I Will not be wrought to it, brother *Quintus.*
There's no mans private enmity ſhall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proof 'gainſt *Caſar*, or who ever,
To ſpeak him guilty, I would ſo declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piſo* both,
Shall know, the *Conſul* will not, for their grudge,
Have any man accus'd, or named falſly.
Qui. Not falſly: but if any circumſtance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturtius*,
Would carry it. *Cic.* That ſhall not be ſought by me.
If it reveal it ſelf, I would not ſpare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, truſt me.
Cato. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more, th engreat)
Thou had'ſt thy education, with the gods.
Cic. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the reſt.
This office, I am ſorry, Sir, to do you.

The Senate.

W*Hat may be happy ſtill, and fortunate,*
To Rome, *and to this Senate:* Pleaſe you, *Fathers*,
To break theſe letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I fear,
I, yet, entreat, at ſuch a time as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The weapons hither, from *Cethegus* houſe?
Tra. They are without. *Cic.* Be ready, with *Volturtius*
To bring him, when the *Senate* calls; and ſee
None of the reſt confer together. *Fathers*,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practis'd there?
Caſ. It hath a face of horror! *Cra.* I' am amaz'd!

Cato. Look there. *Syl.* Gods! Can ſuch men draw common air?
Cic. Although the greatneſs of the miſchief, *Fathers*,
Hath often made my faith ſmall, in this *Senate*,
Yet, ſince my caſting *Catiline* out (for now
I do not fear the envy of the world,
Unleſs the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive; when thoſe I meant
Should follow him, did not) I have ſpent both days,
And nights, in watching, what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that ſo ſtaid, againſt my thought:
And that I might but take them in that light,
Where, when you met their treaſon, with your eyes,
Your minds, at length, would think for your own ſafety.
And now, 'tis done. There are their hands and ſeals,
Their perſons, too, are ſafe, thankes to the gods.
Bring in *Volturtius* and th' *Allobroges*.
Theſe be the men, were truſted with their letters.
Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing: I
Was travelling for *Gallia*, and am ſorry-----
Cic. Quake not, *Volturtius*, ſpeak the truth; and hope
Well of this *Senate*, on the *Conſuls* word,
Vol. Then, I knew all. But truly I was drawn in
But th'other day. *Caſ.* Say, what thou know'ſt, and fear not
Thou haſt the *Senates* faith, and *Conſuls* word, } *Hen anſwers*
To fortifie thee. *Vol.* I was ſent with letters--- } *with fear &*
And had a meſſage too---from *Lentulus*----- } *interruptions.*
To *Catiline*----that he ſhould uſe all aids----
Servants, or others----and come with his army,
Aſſoon, unto the city as he could----
For they were ready, and but ſtaid for him----
To intercept thoſe, that ſhould flee the fire----
Theſe men like (the *Allobroges*) did hear it too.
All. Yes, *Fathers*, and they took an oath, to us.
Beſides their letters that we ſhould be free;
And urg'd us; for ſome preſent aid of horſe.
Cic. Nay, here be other teſtimonies, *Fathers*,
Cethegus armoury. *Cra.* What, not all theſe? } *The weapons*
Cic. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer, } *and arms are*
That we may know the arms to all theſe weapons. } *brought forth.*
Come, my brave ſword-player, to what active uſe,
Was all this ſteel provided? *Cet.* Had you ask'd
In *Sylla's* days, it had been to cut throats;
But now, it was to look on, onely: I lov'd
To ſee good blades, and feel their edge, and points.
To put a helm upon a block, and cleave it,

And

And, now and then, to ſtab an armour through.
Cic. Know you that paper? That will ſtab you through.
Is it your hand? Hold, ſave the peices. Traytor.
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? *Cet.* I did write,
I know not what; nor care not: That fool *Lentulus*
Did dictate, and I th' other fool, did ſign it.
Cic. Bring in *Statilius*: Do's he know his hand too?
And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. *Sta.* I
Confeſs it all. *Cic.* Know you that ſeal, yet, *Publius*?
Len. Yes, it is mine. *Cic.* Whoſe image is that, on it?
Len. My grandfathers. *Cic.* What, that renown'd good man,
That did ſo only' embrace his countrey, and lov'd
His fellow-citizens! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,
So foul---*Len.* As what, impetuous *Cicero*?
Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.
Look upon theſe. Do not theſe faces argue
Thy guilt, and impudence? *Len.* What are theſe to me?
I know 'hem not. *All.* No *Publius?* we were with you,
At *Brutus* houſe. *Vol.* Laſt night. *Len.* What did you there?
Who ſent for you? *All.* Your ſelf did. We had letters
From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,
Gabinius Cimber, all, but from *Longinus*,
Who would not write, becauſe he was to come
Shortly, in perſon, after us (he ſaid)
To take the charge o'the horſe, which we ſhould levy.
Cic. And he is fled, to *Catiline*, I hear.
Len. Spies? ſpies? *All.* You told us too, o'the *Sybills* books,
And how you were to be a King, this year,
The twentyeth, from the burning of the *Capitall*.
That three *Corneli* were to reign, in *Rome*,
Of which you were the laſt: and prais'd *Cethegus*,
And the great ſpirits, were with you in the action.
Cet. Theſe are your honourable embaſſadours.
My ſoveraign Lord *Cet.* Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*
All. Beſides *Gabinius* your agent, nam'd
Autronius, *Servius Sulla*. *Varguntius*.
And divers others. *Vol.* I had letters from you,
To *Catiline*, and a meſſage, which I have told
Unto the *Senate*, truly, word for word:
For which, I hope they will be gracious to me,
I was drawn in by that ſame wicked *Cimber*,
And thought no hurt at all. *Cic.* *Volturtius*, peace.
Where is thy viſor, or thy voice, now, *Lentulus?*
Art thou confounded? VVherefore ſpeak'ſt thou not?
Is all ſo clear, ſo plain, ſo manifeſt,
That bothe thy eloquence, and impudence,

And thy ill nature, too, have left thee, at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, *Gabinius*,
The enginer of all. Shew him that paper,
If he do know it? *Gab.* I know nothing. *Cic.* No?
Gab. No. Neither will I know. *Cat.* Impudent head!
Stick it into his throat; were I the *Conſul*,
Il'd make thee eat the miſchief, thou haſt vented.
Gab. Is there a law for't, *Cato*? *Cat.* Do'ſt thou ask
After a law, that wouldeſt have broke all laws,
Of nature, manhood, conſcience, and religion?
Gab. Yes, I may ask for't. *Cat.* No, pernicious *Cimber*.
Th' enquiring after good, does not belong
Unto a wicked perſon. *Gab.* I but *Cato*
Does nothing, but by law. *Cra.* Take him aſide.
There's proof enough, though he confeſs not. *Gab.* Stay,
I will confeſs All's true, your ſpies have told you.
Make much of 'hem. *Cet.* Yes, and reward 'hem well,
For fear you get no more ſuch. See, they do not
Die in a ditch, and ſtink, now you ha' done with 'hem,
Or beg, o' the bridges, here in *Rome*, whoſe arches
Their active induſtry hath ſaved. *Cic.* See, *Fathers*,
What minds and ſpirits theſe are, that being convicted
Of ſuch a treaſon, and by ſuch c'oud
Of witneſſes, dare yet retain their boldneſs?
What would their rage have done if they had conquer'd?
I thought when I had thruſt out *Catiline*,
Neither the State, nor I, ſhould need t'have fear'd
Lentulus ſleep here, or *Longinus* fat,
Or this *Cethegus* raſhneſs; it was he
I onely watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one, that had the brain, the hand, the heart.
But now, we find the contrary! Where was there
A people griev'd, or a ſtate diſcontent,
Able to make, or help a war 'gainſt *Rome*,
But theſe, th' *Allobroges*, and thoſe they found?
Whom had not the juſt gods been pleas'd to make
More friends unto our ſafety then their own,
As it then ſeem'd, neglecting theſe mens offers,
Where had we been? or where the commonwealth?
When their great Chief had been call'd home? this man
Their abſolute king (whoſe noble grandfather,
Arm'd in purſuit of the ſeditious *Gracchus*,
Took a brave wound, for dear defence of that
Which he would ſpoil) had gather'd all his aids
Of ruffians, ſlaves, and other ſlaughter-men?
Given us up for murder, to *Cethegus*?

Th' other rank of citizens, to *Gabinius*
The city, to be fir'd by *Caſſius?*
And *Italy*, nay the world, to be laid waſte
By curſed *Catiline*, and his complices?
Lay but the thought of it, before you, *Fathers*,
Think but with me you ſaw this glorious city,
The light of all the earth, tower of all nations,
Suddenly falling in one flame. Imagine,
You view'd your countrey buried with the heaps
Of ſlaughter'd citizens, that had no grave:
This *Lentulus* here, reigning, (as he dream't)
And thoſe his purple *Senate*; *Catiline* comes
With his fierce army; and the cries of matrons,
The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans
On every ſide t'invade your ſenſe; until
The bloud of *Rome*, were mixed with her aſhes!
This was the ſpectacle theſe fiends intended
To pleaſe their malice. *Cet.* I, and it would
Have been a brave one, *Conſul.* But your part
Had not been then ſo long, as now it is:
I ſhould have quite defeated your oration;
And ſlit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours,
I'the firſt *Scene*. *Cat.* Inſolent monſter! *Cic. Fathers*,
Is it your pleaſures, they ſhall be committed
Unto ſome ſafe, but a free cuſtody,
Until the *Senate* can determine farther?
Sen. It pleaſeth well. *Cic.* Then, *Marcus Craſſus*,
Take your charge of *Gabinius*: ſend him home
Unto your houſe. You *Cæſar* of *Statilius*.
Cethegus ſhall be ſent to *Cornificius*,
And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
Who now is Ædile. *Cat.* It were beſt, the *Prætors*
Carried 'hem to their houſes, and delivered 'hem.
Cic. Let it be ſo. Take 'hem from hence. *Caſ.* But, firſt,
Let *Lentulus* put off his *Prætor*-ſhip.
Len. I do reſign it hereunto the *Senate*.
Caſ. So now, there's no offence done to religion.
Cat. Cæſar, 'twas piouſly, and timely urg'd.
Cic. What do you decree to the *Allobroges?*
That were the lights to this diſcovery?
Cra. A free grant, from the ſtate, of all their ſuits.
Caſ. And a reward, out of the publick treaſure.
Cat. I, and the title of honeſt men, to crown 'hem.
Cic. What to *Volturtius? Caſ.* Life, and favour's well.
Vol. I ask no more. *Cat.* Yes, yes, ſome money, thou need'ſt it,

'Twill

Twill keep thee honeſt: want made thee a knave.
Syl. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinius*, the *Pretors*,
Have publick thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
For their good ſervice. *Cra.* They deſerve it all.
Cat. But what do we decree unto the *Conſul*,
Whoſe vertue, counſel, watchfulneſs, and wiſdom.
Hath free'd the Commonwealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or blood, or ſcarce raiſing a force,
Reſcu'd us all our of the jaws of fate?
Cra. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.
Caſ. Our wives, our children, parents, and our gods.
Syl. We all are ſaved, by his fortitude.
Cato. The commonwealth owes him a *civick* garland
He is the onely father of his Countrey.
Caſ. Let there be publick prayer, to all the goods.
Made in that name, for him. *Cra.* And in theſe words.
For that he hath, by his vigilance, preſerv'd
Rome *from the flame, the* Senate *from the ſword,*
And all her citizens from maſſacre.
Cic. How are my labours more then paid, grave *Father*
In theſe great titles, and decreed honours!
Such, as to me, firſt, of the civil robe,
Of any man, ſince *Rome* was *Rome*, have hap'ned;
And from this frequent *Senate*, which more glads me,
That I now ſee, yo'have ſenſe of your own ſafety.
If thoſe good days come no leſs grateful to us,
Wherein we are preſerv'd from ſome great danger,
Then thoſe, wherein w'are born, and brought, to light
Becauſe the gladneſs of our ſafety is certain,
But the condition of our birth not ſo:
And that we are ſav'd with pleaſure, but are born
Without the ſenſe of joy: why ſhould not, then,
This day, to us, and all poſterity
Of ours, be had in equal fame, and honour,
With that, when *Romulus* firſt rear'd theſe walls,
When ſo much more is ſaved, then he bult?
Caſ. It ought. *Cra.* Let it be added to our *Faſti.*
Cic. What tumult's that? *Fla.* Here's one *Tarquinius* taken
Going to *Catiline*; and ſayes he was ſent
By *Marcus Craſſus*: whom he names, to be
Guilty of the conſpiracy. *Cic.* Some lying varlet.
Take him away, to priſon. *Cra.* Bring him in,
And let me ſee him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Craſſus.*
Keep him up cloſe, and hungry, till he tell,
By whoſe pernicious counſel, he durſt ſlander
So great, and good a citizen. *Cra,* by yours.

I

I fear, t'will prove.) *Syl.* Some o'the traytors, ſure,
to give their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man. *Cic.* I know my ſelf,
By all the tracts, and courſes of this buſineſs,
Craſſus is noble, juſt, and loves his countrey.
Fla. Here is a libel too, accuſing *Cæſar*,
From *Lucius Vettius*, and confirmed by *Curius*.
Cic. A way with all; throw it out of the Court.
Cæſ. A trick on me, too? *Cic.* It is ſome mens malice.
I ſaid to *Curius*, I did not believe him.
Cæſ. Was not that *Curius* your ſpie, that had
Reward decreed unto him, the laſt *Senate*,
With *Fulvia*, upon your private motion?
Cic. Yes. *Cæſ.* But, he ha's not that reward, yet. *Cic.* No.
Let not this trouble you. *Cæſar*, none believes it.
Cæſ. It ſhall not, if that he have no reward.
But if he have, ſure I ſhall think my ſelf.
Very untimely, and unſafely honeſt.
Where ſuch, as he is, may have pay to accuſe me.
Cic. You ſhall have no wrong done you, noble *Cæſar*,
But all contentment. *Cæſ. Conſul*, I am ſilent,

Catiline. [*The Army*

I Never yet knew, Souldiers that in fight
Words added vertue unto valiant men;
Or, that a Generals oration made
An army fall, or ſtand: but how much proweſs
Habitual, or natural each mans breaſt
Was owner of, ſo much in act it ſhewed.
Whom neither glory or danger can excite.
Tis vain to attempt with ſpeech: for the minds fear
Keeps all brave ſounds from entring at that ear.
I, yet, would warn you ſome few things, my friends,
And give you reaſon of my preſent counſels.
You know, no leſs then I, what ſtate, what point
Our affairs ſtand in; and you all have heard,
What a calamitous miſery the ſloth,
And ſleepineſs of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd
Both on himſelf, and us: how, whilſt our aids
There, in the City looked for, are defeated,
Our entrance into *Gallia*, too, is ſtopt.
Two armies wait us: one from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaule-Provinces*. And we are,
(Althongh I moſt deſire it) the great want
Of corn, and victual, forbids longer ſtay.
So that, of need, we muſt remove, but whither

The ſword muſt both direct, and cut the paſſage.
I onely, therefore, wiſh you, when you ſtrike,
To have your valours, and your ſouls, about you,
And think, you carry in your labouring hands
The things you ſeek, glory, and liberty,
Your countrey, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
That are to be inſtructed, by our ſwords.
If we can give the blow, all will be ſafe to us.
We ſhall not want proviſion, nor ſupplies.
The colonies, and free towns will lye open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to ſhelter thoſe, whom their own fortune,
And ill-us'd arms have left without protection.
You might have liv'd in ſervitude, or exile,
Or ſafe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones;
But that you thought thoſe things unfit for men.
And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
For no man ever yet chang'd peace for war,
But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpoſe.
There's more neceſſity, you ſhould be ſuch,
In fighting for your ſelves, then they for others.
He's baſe that truſts his feet, whoſe hands are arm'd.
Me-thinks, I ſee *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting
What we will do; and all the heaven's at leaſure
For the great ſpectacle. Draw, then, your ſwords:
And, if our deſtiny envy our vertue,
The honor of the day, yet let us care
To ſell our ſelves, at ſuch a price, as may
Undo the world, to buy us; and make *Fate*,
While ſhe tempts ours, fear her own eſtate.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this haſty calling of the *Senate?*
Sen. We ſhall know ſtraight. Wait, till the *Conſul* ſpeaks.
Pom. Fathers Conſcript, bethink you of your ſafeties,
And what to do, with theſe conſpirators;
Some of their clients, their free'd men, and ſlaves
'Gin to make head: there is one of *Lentulus* bawds
Runs up and down the ſhops, through every ſtreet,
With money to corrupt the artificers,
And needy tradeſmen, to their aid. *Cethegus*
Hath ſent, too, to his ſervants; who are many,
Choſen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
That forthwith they ſhould arm themſelves, and prove
His reſcue: All will be in inſtant uproar,
If you prevent it not, with preſent counſels.

We

We have done what we can, to meet the fury,
And will do more. Be you good to your ſelves.
Cic. What is your pleaſure, *Fathers*, ſhall be done?
Syllanus, you are *Conſul* next deſign'd.
Your ſentence, of theſe men. *Syl.* Tis ſhort, and this.
Since they have ſought to blot the name of *Rome*,
Out of the world; and raze this glorious empire
With her own hands, and arms, turn'd on her ſelf:
I think it fit they die. And, could my breath
Now execute 'hem, they ſhould not enjoy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer, to poyſon this our common air.
Sen. I think ſo too. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I.
Cic. Your Sentence, *Caius Ceſar*. *Ceſ.* *Conſcript Fathers*,
In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves.
Men that are ask'd their ſentence, to be free
From either hate, or love, anger, or pitty:
For, where the leaſt of theſe do hinder, there
The mind not eaſily diſcerns the truth.
I ſpeak this to you, in the name of *Rome*,
For whom you ſtand; and to the preſent cauſe:
That this foul fact of *Lentulus*, and the reſt,
Weigh not more with you then your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your paſſion,
Then to your honour. If there could be found
A pain, or puniſhment, equal to their crimes,
I would deviſe, and help: but, if the greatneſs
Of what they ha' done, exceed all mans invention,
I think it fit, to ſtay, where our laws do.
Poor petty ſtates may alter, upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Becauſe they are obſcure; their fame, and fortune
Is equal, and the ſame. But they, that are
Head of the world, and live in that ſeen height,
All mankind knows their actions. So we ſee,
The greater fortune, hath the leſſer licence.
They muſt nor favour, hate, and leaſt be angry:
For what with others is call'd anger, there,
Is cruelty, and pride. I know *Syllanus*,
Who ſpake before me, a juſt, valiant man,
A lover of the ſtate, and one that would not,
In ſuch a buſineſs, uſe or grace, or hatred;
I know too, well his manners, and modeſty:
Nor do I think his ſentence cruel (for
'Gainſt ſuch delinquents what can be too bloody?
But that it is abhorring from our ſtate;
Since to a citizen of *Rome*, offending,

Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then
Decrees he that? 'Twere vain to think, for fear;
When, by the diligence of ſo worthy a *Conſul*,
All is made ſafe and certain. Is't for puniſhment?
Why, death's the end of evils, and a reſt.
Rather then torment: It diſſolves all griefs.
And beyond that, is neither care, nor joy.
You here, my ſentence would not have 'hem die.
How then? ſet free, and increaſe *Catilines* army?
So will they, being but baniſh'd. No, grave *Fathers*,
I judge 'hem, firſt, to have their ſtates confiſcate,
Then, that their perſons remain priſoners
I' the free towns far off from *Rome*, and ſever'd:
Where they might neither have relation,
Hereafter, to the *Senate*, or the people.
Or, if they had, thoſe towns, then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the ſtate, that had their guard.
Sen. 'Tis good and honourable, *Ceſar*, hath utter'd.
Cic. Fathers, I ſee your faces, and your Eyes
All bent on me, to note of theſe two cenſures,
Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
And anſwering the dignity of the ſpeakers,
The greatneſs of th' affair, and both ſevere.
One urgeth death: and he may well remember
This ſtate hath puniſh'd wicked citizens ſo,
The other bonds: and thoſe perpetual, which
He thinks found out for the more ſingular Plague.
Decree, which you ſhall pleaſe. You have a *Conſul*,
Not readier to obey, then to defend,
What ever you ſhall act, for the republique;
And meet with willing ſhoulders any burden,
Or any fortune, with an even face,
Though it were death: which to a valiant man
Can never happen foul, nor to a *Conſul*
Be immature, or to a wiſe man wretched.
Syl. Fathers, I ſpake, but as I thought: the needs
O'th' commonwealth requir'd *Cat.* Excuſe it not.
Cic. Cato, ſpeak you your ſentence *Cat.* This it is.
You here diſpute, on kinds of puniſhment,
And ſtand conſulting, what you ſhould decree
'Gainſt thoſe, of whom you rather ſhould beware,
This miſchief is not like thoſe common facts.
Which, when they are done, the laws may proſecute
But this, if you provide not, e're it happen,
When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgement.
Good *Gaius Ceſar*, here, hath very well,

And ſubtilly diſcourſ'd of life, and death,
As if he thought thoſe things, a pretty fable,
That are delivered us of hell, and furies,
Or of the divers way, that ill men go
From good to filthy, dark, and ugly places
And therefore, he would have theſe live, and long too;
But far from *Rome*, and in the ſmall free towns,
Leſt, here, they might have re:cu: As if men,
Fit for ſuch acts, were only in the City,
And not throughout all *Italy*? or, that boldneſs
Could do no more, where it found leaſt reſiſtance?
'Tis a vain counſel, if he think them dangerous.
VVhich, if he do not, but that he alone,
In ſo great fear of all men, ſtand unfrighted,
He gives me cauſe, and you, more to fear him.
I ax. plain *Fathers*. Here you look about,
One at another, doubting what to do;
VVith faces, as you truſted to the gods.
That ſtill have ſaved you; and they can do't: But,
They are not wiſhings, or baſe womaniſh prayers,
Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counſel, action:
VVhich they will be aſhamed to forſake.
'Tis ſloth they hate, and cowardiſe. Here you have
The traytors in your houſes yet you ſtand,
Fearing what to do with them; Let them looſe,
And ſend them hence with arms; too that your mercy
May turn your miſery, as ſoon as't can.
O, but they are great men, and have offended,
But, through ambition. VVe would ſpare their honor:
I, if themſelves had ſpared it, or their fame,
Or modeſty, or either god, or man:
Then I would ſpare them. But, as things now ſtand,
Fathers, to ſpare theſe men, were to commit
A greater wickedneſs, then you would revenge:
If there had been but time, and place, for you,
To have repaired this fault you ſhould have made it;
It ſhould have been your puniſhment, to have felt.
Your tardy errour: but neceſſity,
Now, bids me ſay, let them not live an hour,
If you mean *Rome* ſhould live a day. I have done.
Sen. *Cato* hath ſpoken, like an oracle.
Cra. Let it be ſo decreed. *Sen.* VVe are fearful.
Syl. And had been baſe, had not his vertue raiſed us.
Sen Go forth, moſt worthy *Conſul*, we'l aſſiſt you.
Caſ. I am not yet changed in my ſentence, *Fathers*,
Cat. No matter. VVhat be thoſe? *Ser.* Letters, for *Caſar*.

Cat. From whom? let 'hem be read in open *Senate*
Fathers, they come from the conſpirators.
I crave to have 'hem read, for the republick.
Caſ. *Cato*, read you it. 'Tis a love letter
From your dear ſiſter, to me: though you hate me.
Do not diſcover it. *Cat.* Hold thee, drunkard. *Conſul.*
Go forth, and confidently. *Caſ.* You'l repent
This raſhneſs, *Cicero Præ.* *Cæſars* ſhall repent it.
Cic. Hold friends: *Præ.* He's ſcarce a friend unto the publick.
Cic. No violence. *Caſar*, be ſafe. Lead on:
Where are the publick executioners?
Bid 'hem wait on us. On, to *Spinthers* houſe.
Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the ſad revengers
Of capital crimes, againſt the publick, take
This man unto your juſtice: ſtrangle him.
Len. Thou do'ſt well, *Conſul.* 'Twas a caſt at dice,
In *Fortunes* hand, not long ſince, that thy ſelf
Should'ſt have heard theſe, or other words as fatal.
Cic. Lead on, to *Quintus Corniſicius* houſe.
Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Death, that he hath deſerved: and let it be
Said, He was once. *Cet.* A beaſt, or, what is worſe,
A ſlave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the name
For all that is baſe, hereafter: That would let
This worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
His body into——Ha! *Art* thou not moved!
Cic. Juſtice is never angry: Take him hence,
Cet. O, the whore *Fortune*! and her bawds the *Fates*!
That put theſe tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by a ſword. Strangle me, I may ſleep:
I ſhall grow angry with the gods, elſe. *Cic.* Lead
To *Caius Caſar*, for *Statilius*.
Bring him, and rude *Gabinius* out. Here take them
To your cold hands, and let them feel death from you
Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleaſure. *Sta.* And me too
Cat. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou mayeſt now ſtand up,
And call it happy *Rome*, thou being *Conſul*.
Great parent of thy countrey, go, and let
The old men of the city, ere they die,
Kiſs thee; the matrons dwell about thy neck;
The youths, and maids, lay up, againſt they are old,
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews
When, ſuch a year, they read, with in our *Faſti*,
Thy Conſul-ſhip. Who's this, *Pretreius*? *Cic.* Welcome,
VVelcome renowned ſouldier. VVhates the news?
This face can bring no ill with't, unto *Rome*.

How

How do's the worthy *Conſul*, my colleague?
Pet. As well as victory can make him ſir.
He greets the *Fathers*, and to me hath truſted
The ſad relations of the civil ſtrife:
For, in ſuch war, the conqueſt ſtill is black.
Cic. Shall we withdraw into the houſe of *Concord*?
Cat. No, happy *Conſul*, here; let all ears take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice,
To ſpread unto the poles, and ſtrike it through
The centre, to the *Antipodes*; It would ask it.
Pet. The ſtraits, and needs of *Catiline* being ſuch,
As he muſt fight with one of the two armies,
That then had near enclos'd him. It pleas'd *Fate*,
To make us th' object of his diſperate choiſe,
Wherein the danger almoſt poiz'd the honour:
And as he riſe, the day grew black with him;
And *Fate* deſcended nearer to the earth,
As if ſhe meant, to hide the name of things,
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we rous'd, leſt one ſmall minutes ſtay
Had left it to be enquir'd, what *Rome* was.
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cauſe, in form of battle, ſtood.
Whilſt *Catiline* came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a publick ruine:
His count'nance was a civil war it ſelf.
And all his hoſt had ſtanding in their looks,
The paleneſs of the death, that was to come.
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipate our fates.
Nor ſtaid we longer for 'hem; but himſelf
Strook the firſt ſtroke: And, with it, fled a life.
Which cut, it ſeem'd a narrow neck of land,
Had broke between two mighty ſeas; and either
Flow'd into other; for ſo did the ſlaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yield. The *Furies* ſtood, on hills,
Circling the place, and trembled to ſee men
Do more, then they: whilſt piety left the field,
Griev'd for that ſide, that, in ſo bad a cauſe,
They knew not, what a crime their valour was.
The ſun ſtood ſtill, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, ſeen ſweating, to drive up
His frighted horſe, whom ſtill the noiſe drove backward.
And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a flame,
Conſum'd all it could reach, and then it ſelf;

Had not the fortune of the Commonwealth
Come *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.
Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd that earth, they had fought on, with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory, high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a *Lybian* lyon,
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, Plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And, as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth *Medusa's* head,
One of the gyant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight, and now,
Almost made stone, began t'enquire, what flint,
What rock it was, that crept through all his limbs,
And, e're he could think more, was that he fear'd;
So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in us,
Became his tomb: yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
As if he labour'd, yet, to grasp the state,
With those rebellious parts. *Cat.* A brave bad death.
Had this been honest now, and for his countrey,
As 'twas against it, who had e're fallen greater?
Cic. Honour'd *Petreius*, *Rome*, not I, must thank you.
How modestly ha's he spoken of himself!
Cat. He did the more. *Cic.* Thanks to the immortal gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,
My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards,
Decree'd to me: onely the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it live
Within your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
Which I must always study before fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got, without the first.

The End.

THE EPILOGUE

By the ſame.

NO Dance, *no* Song, *no* Farce? *His loſty Pen,*
How e're we like it, doubtleſs Wrote to Men.
Height may be his, as it was Babel's *fall;*
There Bricklayers *turn'd to Linguiſts, ruin'd all.*
I'de ne're ſpoke this, had I not heard by many,
He lik't one ſilent Woman, above any:
And againſt us had ſuch ſtrange prejudice;
For our Applauſe, he ſcorn'd to Write amiſs.
For all this, he did us, like Wonders, prize;
Not for our Sex, but when he found us Wiſe.
A Poet *runs the Gantlet, and his ſlips,*
Are bare expos'd to regiments of Whips;
Among thoſe, he to Poetick *Champions Writ;*
As We to gain the Infancy of Wit.
Which if they prove the greateſt Number, then
The Houſe hath cauſe to thank Nell, *more than* Ben.
Our Author *might perſer your praiſe, perhaps,*
Wee'd rather have your Money, that your Claps.